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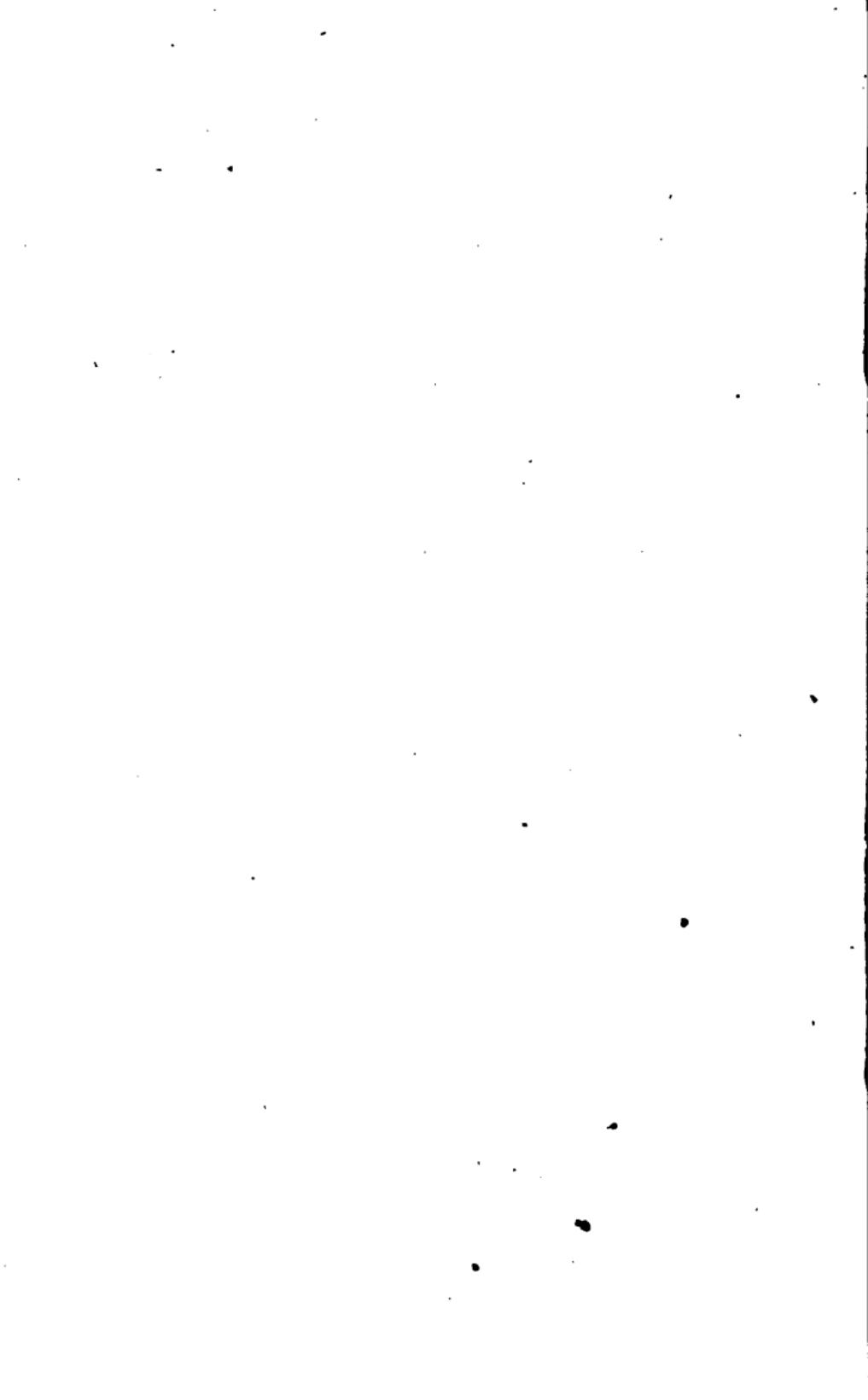
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John Francis, Dover, N.H.
January 31. 1862.





ILLUSTRATIONS
OF THE
LAW OF KINDNESS.

" As from the bosom of her mystic fountains,
Nile's sacred water windeth to the main,
Flooding each vale embosomed 'mong the mountains;
From far Alata's fields to Egypt's plain :
So from the bosom of the Fount of Love,
A golden stream of sympathy is gushing ;
And winding, first thro' intellect above,
Then thro' each vale of mortal mind is rushing ;
Sweeping the heart of iceberg and of stone,
Purging humanity of every blindness,
Melting all spirits earthly into one,
And leaving holiness and joy—'TIS KINDNESS."

D. K. LEE.

George Washington
BY REV. G. W. MONTGOMERY:

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1841.

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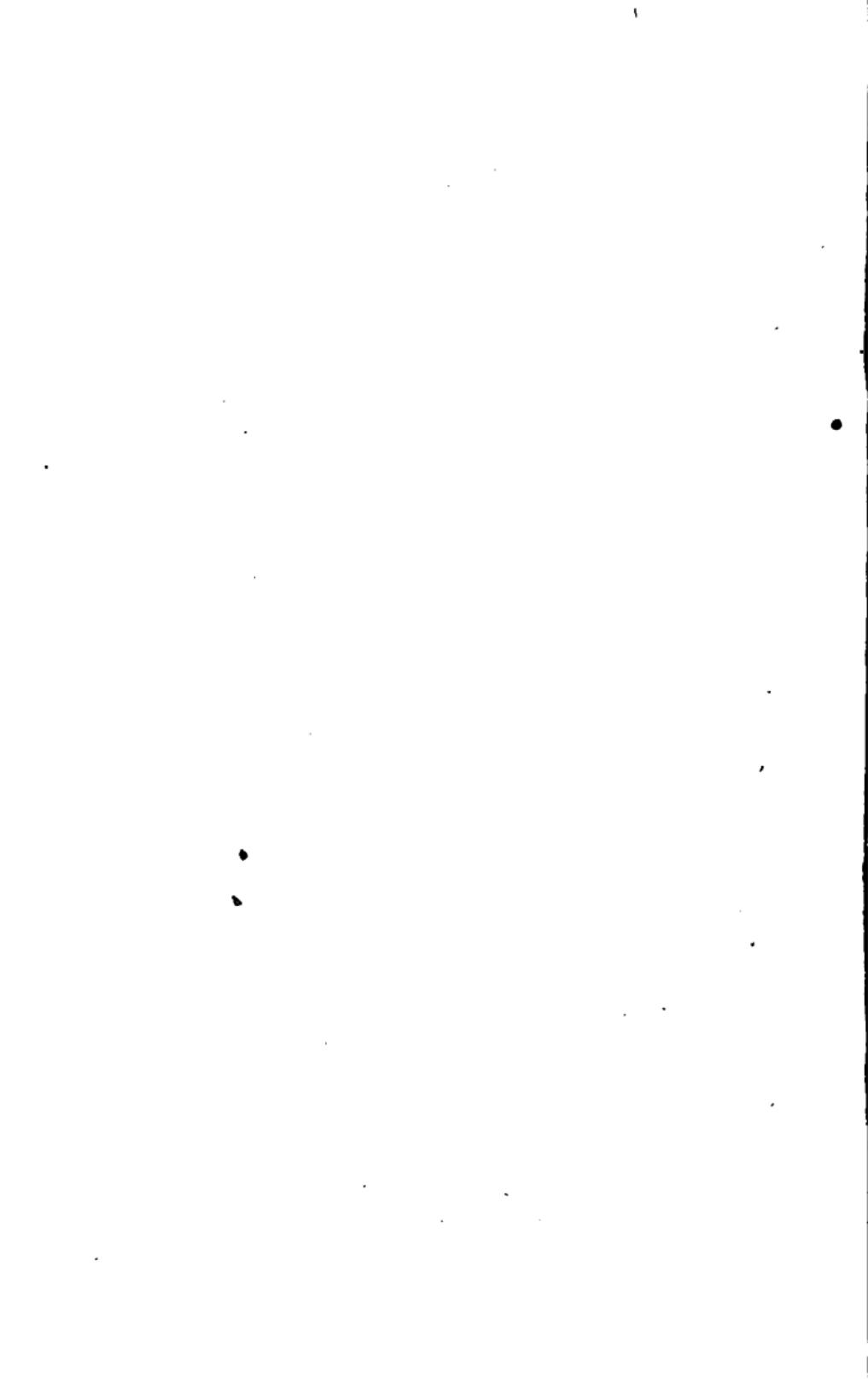


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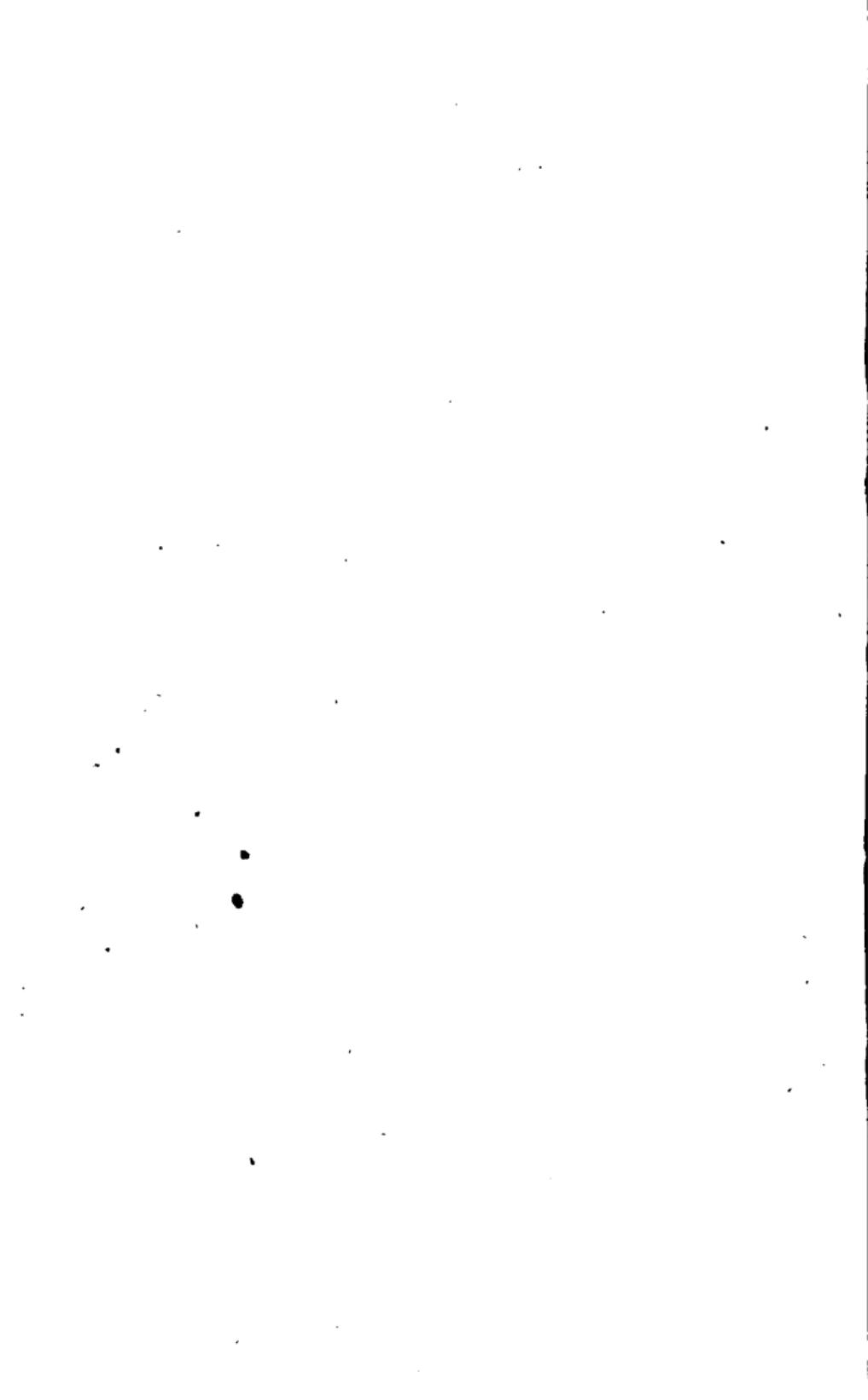
These Illustrations of the Law of Kindness are sent into community, without any apology for the manner in which they are written or for their want of originality. If there are errors in them, the Author deplores them—if they fail of their object, he will regret it. But for good or for evil, they go forth as they are.—And if they succeed in causing even one individual to throw aside revenge, and to exercise the Law of Kindness, the reward for writing them will be ample.

THE AUTHOR.

Auburn, September, 1841.



LAW OF KINDNESS.



LAW OF KINDNESS.

CHAPTER I.

KINDNESS AND REVENGE.

"Breathe all thy minstrelsy, immortal Harp !
Breathe numbers warm with love, while I rehearse—
Delightful theme, resembling most the songs
Which, day and night, are sung before the Lamb !—
Thy praise, O CHARITY ! thy labors most
Divine ; thy sympathy with sighs, and tears,
And groans ; thy great, thy god-like wish, to heal
All misery, all fortune's wounds, and make
The soul of every living thing rejoice."

POLLOCK'S COURSE OF TIME, BOOK IX.

As like physical causes produce like physical consequences, as vice will most assuredly result in misery, so revenge will call forth hate—for water does not more certainly tend to its level, than the exercise of malice and cruelty rouses the human soul to kindle the fires of anger and opposition. To small purpose has that individual perused the history of the world, who has not discovered that the common process of

A

eradicating evil, has been to meet it with evil, and who has not seen that the pathway of life has been almost universally lighted by the horrible spirit of retaliation. And to as little purpose has he examined the records of nations and individuals, if he is not convinced that when the law of kindness has been practiced, it has been as much more salutary in its influence and as much more glorious in its results, than those of revenge, as virtue is more salutary and glorious than iniquity. For while *retaliation* is like the storm which sweeps through the forest in destruction, *kindness* is like the combined influence of the sun and the rain of the cloud, which germinates seed, unfolding their leaves, flowers and odors.

The spirit of revenge has flooded the world with evil. Millions have been slaughtered, cities have been sacked and burned, nations have been swept from political life, reputations have been ruined, families filled with discord, friends turned into bitter enemies, and all through revenge. If earth has a demon to dread, it is the power of retaliation. There is no clime but that has felt its blight, no soul but that has been more or less tainted by its poison. What has caused man to bite and devour his fellow-men with oppression and blood? What has urged so many nations to slaughter the

captives of their power in cold blood ? What brings a great proportion of the cases of litigation to the bar of the judge ? What engenders the quarrels existing in every community ?—REVENGE ! Hideous principle, murderous passion, which slew the Saviour, and made the sainted Stephen a martyr.

To point out the consequences which have flowed from the practice of the law of revenge, is but to insure its condemnation in every reflecting mind. And if we consider for a moment, how many communities which have been desolated, might have been the abodes of happiness ; how many spots on the earth which have been filled with the fury of unhallowed passions, might now be echoing with songs of salvation and virtue, were it not for the law of revenge ; surely, the desire must be strong, and the prayer ardent, that the olive-branch of overcoming evil with good, may take the place of the deadly night-shade of retaliation.

It may be urged, however, that some of the principles of the Mosaic Law sanction the foundation of retaliation, in the requisition of an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth. But it must be remembered that the Mosaic Law, rich as it is in its provisions for the widow and the orphan, for hospitality and for other excellent precepts, introduced the law of retaliation into

its statutes only as the preventive of an evil which already existed, the same as the lancet and probe of the surgeon are necessary for a diseased limb. The Jews had been thoroughly debased in the Egyptian brick-yards, and the foul airs of idolatry ; they had been degraded by ignorance ; they were a head-strong, wicked people ; they were morally sick ; and it was necessary to apply the lancet of fear to them. But this retaliatory principle was not instituted as a universal rule of action. For, when the world was properly fitted and prepared, then a nobler law was given in a system which is superior to all other systems in its doctrine and morality.

That system is CHRISTIANITY. While the ablest philosophers at the period of its establishment, were, among many excellent principles, advocating some of the worst features of revenge, Christianity, the child of heaven and the friend of man, lifted up its voice and proclaimed the divine law, "OVERCOME EVIL WITH GOOD." A comment on this law was given by the Friend of sinners and the Saviour of the world. What was that comment ? Was it like the conduct of David, who stole the wife of his bravest general from his affection, yet whose justice compelled him to indignantly condemn that rich man, who, with great flocks

around him, took by force the only lamb of his poor neighbor? Was it like the kiss of Judas, the smile of treachery, the sting of ingratitude? Very far from it. Throughout all his ministry, he met his foes with benevolence. And when, by the influence of perjured witnesses, his condemnation was effected; when he had endured the nailing to the cross; when his enemies were adding insult to murder, by mocking and jeering him in his agonies; then it was he prayed, "*Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.*" This was the Saviour's illustration of the law, "love your enemies." And the illustration is more sublime, if possible, than the law itself—more glorious in practice than in theory. For who can remember that this prayer was uttered by the Saviour for his foes, when enduring the excruciating pangs of a crucifixion which those very foes had brought upon him, without admitting, not only that he was the "Son of God," but that his conduct was the perfection of kindness.

The interesting question now arises, What influence has this law and its comment upon us? Brought up and educated in the school of our Saviour; living in a land, which, above all others, calls itself Christianized; existing beneath the banners of the Gospel, incomparably the most noble system of doctrine and moral

Hamilton lost his life in a duel with Burr, on account of some expressions in a political pamphlet, purporting to have originated with Gen. Hamilton—for which this cruel result was demanded by a wicked code of honor. On the 24th of February, 1838, Mr. Cilley, of Maine, and Mr. Graves, of Kentucky, met in Washington, and for a most trivial provocation between them, fired at each other three times with rifles. At the third fire, Mr. Cilley fell dead—his wife was widowed, his children were orphanised, and his country deprived of the services of an excellent and promising son. In addition to these melancholy instances, those savage duels which have been fought in the South Western States with the murderous rifle or the bloody bowie-knife, may be referred to as frightful exhibitions of the spirit of retaliation. And yet this destruction which makes widows and orphans mourn; which deprives community of some of its best ornaments, and which stains the hands of man with the blood of his brother, is simply the law of revenge adopted by a certain class of society, whose countenance has made it honor to demand life as the satisfaction of offended pride. But though such conduct may be deemed honorable in the parlance of this world, yet in the sight of Heaven and all correct conceptions of right,

it is fashionable murder. How pitiful and degrading is such procedure, when compared with the conduct of the Saviour, which in its own power and sublimity, illustrated the divine law, "love your enemies." Yet we still claim to be a Christian people, even when one of the sanctioned principles in fashion, is a direct contradiction of a most prominent precept in the Christian statutes.

In the plenitude of his wisdom and the divinity of his thoughts, our Saviour deemed that man *could*, and that it was his duty to "overcome evil with good," as well as an imperative practice in the Christian profession, to "love his enemies." And whenever and wherever the law has been put into direct operation, it has succeeded in a most admirable manner. Though our passions may rise up, and erroneous education intervene, to make us believe that retaliation is necessary, and that thorough kindness is a dangerous instrument, yet it needs but to be tried in order to be embraced. For when an individual follows its dictates, he finds that it affords him such powerful influence over others, as to lead him to the conclusion, that the law of kindness is the most effectual method of subduing enmity. This position will be sustained by historical facts.

CHAPTER II.

THE POWER OF KINDNESS.

"The quality of mercy is not strained;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath. It is twice blessed
It blesses *him* who *gives*, and *him* who *takes*;
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown.
It is an attribute of God himself."

—“We do pray for *mercy*;
And that same *prayer* doth teach us all to render
The *deeds of mercy*.”—SHAKESPEARE.

The first illustration of the effects of the law of kindness, which will be adduced, is the conduct of Joseph towards his brethren, because it eminently exhibits the superior power of “*love your enemies*” over “*hate your enemies*.” On account of the dreams which prefigured the future exaltation of Joseph, his brethren looked upon him as their enemy. In the spirit of revenge, they plotted his murder; and though, by the intercession of one of their number, his life was spared, yet they sold him as a slave, no doubt with the hope that they should never again hear from the dreamer. All this was pure wickedness, and about as cunning a plan as revenge generally conceives. But it did not

command the desired object. For, when, through a train of circumstances, Joseph obtained the highest office under Pharaoh, king of Egypt, and his wicked brethren, through famine, were driven into Egypt to buy corn, he met them in all the fulness of the law of love. And his kindness so wrought upon them, so subdued their enmity, that they became entirely reconciled to him, and cheerfully submitted to his rule. Joseph *loved*—his brethren *hated*.—And it need scarcely be asked, which party was most happy, and whose conduct resulted in the most good—his brethren trembling in the fear of conscious guilt; or Joseph, who could so disarm himself of revenge, as not only to forgive their very many serious crimes, but also to crowd upon them the choicest tokens of his fraternal affection? In this instance, the exercise of the law of kindness was completely successful, and changed enemies, charged with a murderous spirit, into reconciled and affectionate friends.

It is evident to every reader of the history of Saul, King of Israel, that he was actuated by the most inveterate animosity against David who afterwards filled the throne in Jerusalem. But notwithstanding his malignity, he was softened in a strange manner when the kindness of David met him in its full power. On one occa-

sion, Saul heard that David was in the "wilderness of Engedi," and with an armed band he pursued him with the full purpose of murdering him. While engaged in this pursuit, Saul entered the cave where David and his followers had secreted themselves. As Saul was completely in his power, the followers of David advised him to kill the King, which, unquestionably, the law of retaliation would have justified. David, however, pursued a more magnanimous course, the result of which is given in the language of the Bible. "But Saul rose up out of the cave, and went on his way. David also rose afterward, and went out of the cave, and cried after Saul, saying, 'my lord the King.' And when Saul looked behind him, David stooped with his face to the earth, and bowed himself. And David said to Saul, 'wherefore hearest thou men's words, saying, 'behold, David seeketh thy hurt ?' Behold, this day thine eyes have seen how that the Lord hath delivered thee to-day into my hand in the cave : and some bade me kill thee ; but mine eye spared thee ; and I said, I will not put forth my hand against my lord ; for he is the Lord's anointed. Moreover, my father, see, yea, see the skirt of thy robe in my hand : for in that I cut off the skirt of thy robe, and killed thee not, know thou and see that there is neither evil nor

transgression in my hand, and I have not sinned against thee ; yet thou huntest my soul to take it. The Lord judge between me and thee, and the Lord avenge me of thee : but my hand shall not be upon thee. As saith the proverb of the ancients, ‘ Wickedness proceedeth from the wicked : but my hand shall not be upon thee.’ After whom is the King of Israel come out ? after whom dost thou pursue ? after a dead dog, after a flea ? The Lord therefore be judge, and judge between me and thee, and see, and plead my cause, and deliver me out of thy hand.’ And it came to pass when David had made an end of speaking these words unto Saul, that Saul said, ‘ Is this thy voice, my son David ?’ And Saul lifted up his voice, and wept. And he said to David, ‘ thou art more righteous than I : for thou hast rewarded me good, whereas I have rewarded thee evil. And thou hast shewed this day how that thou hast dealt well with me ; forasmuch as when the Lord had delivered me into thy hand, thou kill-edst me not. For if a man find his enemy, will he let him go well away ? wherefore the Lord reward thee good, for what thou hast done unto me this day.’ ”* In this case, the law of kindness produced an excellent result ; for it robbed

Saul of his murderous design, and softened the iron purpose of his revenge, opened the fountain of his tears, and sent him home without any desire to accomplish the object for which he left it.

Another most striking instance of the power of kindness, occurred later in the history of the Jews, than the foregoing fact. The King of Syria was at war with Israel. In order to overcome the armies of Israel, Ben-hadad formed two plans of ambush to entrap them. But the King of Israel, being timely informed of those plans, was enabled to escape them so certainly, that Ben-hadad concluded that some one of his servants had been treacherous and betrayed his plans to the enemy. But one of his servants informed him, that there was no treachery in the case; that the King of Israel obtained his information from the prophet Elisha, who, by the power of inspiration, could read the thoughts of the heart. Vexed by the defeat of his plans, Ben-hadad, learning that Elisha was in Dothan, sent an army to make him captive. They surrounded the city in the night. In the morning, instead of assaulting the city, that whole host of Syria was smitten with blindness, in answer to a prayer sent up to Heaven by the prophet.—Elisha then went forth to the host, and said to them, “this is not the way, neither is this the

city ; follow me, and I will lead you to the man whom ye seek."* They followed him, and he led them into Samaria ; so that when their eyes were opened, they discovered that they were in the midst of their foes, and at their mercy. When the King of Israel perceived that they were in his power, he inquired of the prophet, "my father shall I smite them ?"† Now unquestionably the prophet might, by a single word, have slain the Syrians, deluged the streets of Samaria with their blood, and sent wailing and despair into Syria. But he uttered no such word. He answered the King, "thou shalt not smite them ; wouldest thou smite those whom thou hast taken captive with thy sword and thy bow ?—set bread and water before them, that they may eat and drink, and go to their master."‡ The King obeyed the prophet, fed them, and sent them to their own country. The effect of this splendid exhibition of the law of kindness, is given in the simple language of the historian, " SO THE BANDS OF SYRIA CAME NO MORE INTO THE LAND OF ISRAEL."§ They were so touched by generosity, so subdued by affection, that they could no more appear in arms against Israel—they were enemies most

* 1 Kings vi: 19. † 2 Kings vi: 21. ‡ 2 Kings vi: 22. § 2 Kings vi: 23.

effectually overcome, for the fire of love had melted their enmity. How very different this result from that which followed the harsh conduct of Rehoboam, son of Solomon, when he ascended the throne. The congregation of Israel came to him, and said, "thy father made our yoke grievous; now, therefore, make thou the grievous service of thy father, and his heavy yoke which he put upon us, lighter, and we will serve thee."* After consulting with his young men, Rehoboam answered, "my father made your yoke heavy, and I will add to your yoke; my father chastised you with whips, but I will chastise you with scorpions."† He might evidently have conciliated the people by kindness—but by pursuing a course of malignity, he introduced rebellion into his dominions; for ten of the tribes revolted against him, and formed a separate kingdom which never again united with the rest of the Jews; but was frequently embroiled in war with them until the ten tribes were carried away into captivity. In this case, Rehoboam added evil to evil, and the consequence was discord, bloodshed and anarchy.—Elisha, on the contrary, met evil with good, and his enemies were changed into affectionate friends, who refused to lift the hand of opposi-

* 1 Kings xii: 4.

† 1 Kings xii: 14.

tion against him or his country. The contrast between the result of love and hate, are very obviously marked in these convincing instances. Hate and revenge as surely ended in bloodshed and war, as love and kindness rooted up every weed of animosity and gave birth to respect and affection. Rehoboam multiplied his enemies by harshness—Elisha gained many friends among the pagan Syrians by forbearance and goodness.

The power of the law of kindness is beautifully exhibited in the events with which the apostle Peter was concerned, at the betrayal of Christ. When Peter denied his Lord, and in his fear declared that he knew not the man, his bitter tears would never have flowed, nor his sorrow have been so pungent and complete, had not recollections of the kindness of his Lord came thronging over his feelings, powerfully contrasting his base ingratitude with that love which had instructed and blessed him. Peter bowed under it—he could not withstand the good with which his evil was met—and he mourned his defection with sincere repentance, and was ever after true to his Saviour, even unto death.

After the venerable Evangelist John had returned from his banishment to the isle of Patmos, he made it his duty to visit various

churches, and to consult their prosperity and welfare. On one occasion, he observed an intelligent-looking man, who, after a time became a member of one of the churches. But he soon became corrupt and intemperate, through the influence of bad company, and at last fled to a band of robbers, of whom he was soon made captain. When John, to his great grief, heard these facts, he exposed himself in the haunts of the robbers, and when taken, said, "lead me to your captain." When the bandit saw John, he fled; but the apostle pursued him, saying, "my son, why flyest thou from thy father, unarmed and old?—fear not; as there yet remaineth hope of salvation—believe me, Christ hath sent me." Before the kind entreaties of John, the robber trembled and wept; and finally returned to his Christian companions and became an exemplary man.*

In these instances we discover the power of kindness; and we find it more efficacious than the law of revenge—for if the law of revenge had been exercised in regard to them, the results would have been the direct opposite from what they were, as brought about by the divine principle, "overcome evil with good."

* See Goodrich's Ecclesiastical History: pp. 68, 69.

CHAPTER III.

THE POWER OF KINDNESS.

“The hand that wiped away the tears of want,
The heart that melted at another’s wo,
Were his; and blessings followed him.”

If we leave the Scriptures, and pore over the records of history, and experience, we find the most illustrious examples to exhibit the influence of the law of kindness in opening the fountain of goodness in the heart. These instances are not mere anecdotes, the stale out-breakings of fallacy; but they are facts whose truth is beyond doubt. And, so little is the law of loving enemies practiced, that it becomes our duty to pile fact upon fact, until demonstration shall become so open and powerful, that to depart from it shall be blind and wilful resistance of truth. For, so sure as there is a God who rules in the universe; so sure as he has spoken to the world through the revelation of his will; so sure as Christ died for his foes, forgiving them the sin of his murder; so sure it is, that the law of kindness is the true governing principle between man and his fellows.

The first illustration to be presented under this head, is the case of the benevolent Howard. John Howard was born about the year 1727, in the village of Clapton, near London. From the year 1773 to 1790, the year in which he died, he spent his whole time in endeavoring to ameliorate the condition of prisoners of various characters. In this sublime employment, he chose to apply the fortune with which he was favored. And most nobly did he discharge his assumed duty. He personally visited and inspected nearly all the prisons and jails in England, Ireland and Scotland—and so well was he convinced that neglect, brutal treatment, filth and undue severity, only served to harden the heart of the offender, that, by his representations to government, a great reformation was effected in the houses of confinement and the treatment of prisoners. He visited the continent of Europe several times for the same object. He was the friend of the unfortunate.—No matter how loathsome the dungeon, or degraded and hardened its inhabitant, his voice of mercy was there heard, and his kindness was manifested, as the best means of subduing and winning the sinner—for his familiarity with, and his conduct towards victims of all degrees of wickedness, only served to convince him, that no person was so debased, or his feelings

so callous, but that he could be reached and softened by kindness. Blows, chains, starvation and neglect, only turned the heart into iron, and froze the better feelings of human nature to their deepest fountain—but no sooner was the angel-voice of Howard heard, and his kindness felt, than the long-sealed feelings were opened, the dried-up sources of tears were filled, the waters of sorrow flowed, and the heart of sin became radiated with deep and undying love for his benevolent visiter. This kindness was the principle which ever actuated Howard; and so devoted was he to its dictates, and so earnest in the discharge of his God-like object, that he yielded up his life in Tartary, while on a tour of benevolence, where his bones are now moulderling into the dust of the grave.

John Howard constantly walked according to the law, "overcome evil with good." And, even if we leave out of the account the great blessings which accrued to others from his conduct, we find, in the respect and love which exist for his memory, how advantageous is the adoption of the divine law. For, wherever the name of John Howard is known, his memory is enshrined in the hearts and affections of thousands; while he is reverenced as one of those glorious stars in human life, who, in imi-

tation of the "Saviour of the world," "went about doing good."*

The next instance is that of Fenelon. Fenelon was a Roman Catholic, and Archbishop of Cambrai, in France. He was a man of the finest feelings, of the greatest benevolence, and he uniformly practiced the law, "overcome evil with good." He was kind and affable to the lowly, mild and courteous to the ignorant, philanthropic to the miserable, and even gentle both to friend and foe. The consequence was, that he won all hearts. His diocese was often the theatre of war—but the English, Germans and Dutch, even surpassed the inhabitants of Cambrai, in their love and veneration for him. At such times, he gathered the wretched into his residence and entertained them—for his known goodness had surrounded him with a power which even contending armies could not resist; and the consequence was, that his dwellings were safe, even when towns and villages were lying in smoking ruins around him. The following is an instance of his great kindness. He observed one day, that a peasant who had been driven from his home and to whom Fenelon had given shelter, ate nothing. He inquired the reason. "Alas! my lord," said the poor

* See *Memoirs of Howard*, by J. Baldwin Brown.

man, "in making my escape from my cottage, I had not time to bring off my cow, which was the support of my family. The enemy will drive her away, and I shall never find another so good." Fenelon, availing himself of his privilege of safe conduct, immediately set out accompanied by a single servant, and drove the cow back himself to the peasant."* By thus walking according to the law of overcoming evil with good, he gained the affection of all. The peasantry loved him as their father—and long after his death, their tears would flow when they said, "there is the chair on which our good Archbishop used to sit in the midst of us; we shall see him no more." What a crown of unfading glory the law of love gave him!

The next illustration is that of Oberlin.—John Frederic Oberlin was born in the city of Strasburg, near the frontiers of France and Germany. At the age of 26, and in the year 1767, he became pastor of a parish in a region of country fifteen or twenty miles from Strasburg, called the Ban de La Roche, whose inhabitants were semi-barbarians; their schools were nominal; many of their teachers could not read; the different villages could not communicate with each other from want of bridges and roads;

* See Channing's *Miscellanies*, p. 182.

their agriculture was of the rudest kind; while their language was almost unintelligible to refined ears. These evils were doubly entailed upon them by their invincible ignorance, the mother of superstition.

Among these people Oberlin settled; and his only means of defence, were, a heart overflowing with good will to them, and a disposition so cultivated in the school of Christ, as to constantly make the law, "overcome evil with good," his rule of action. And most nobly did those means serve him. When he exhibited a desire to make improvements among them, the people of his charge became enraged, and even way-laid him for his destruction. But, by throwing himself among them, unarmed and with a kind yet firm and collected manner, he subdued their resentment. By uniformly pursuing a course of mild instruction, he obtained their confidence, until by his influence and example, they successively opened roads between their villages and Strasburg; they reared more comfortable buildings, they adopted a better mode of cultivation, they built good school-houses, and obtained more experienced teachers. Very soon, by the directions of this extraordinary man, the barren wilderness began to smile with well cultivated fields, neat and convenient dwellings,

while happiness entered every abode, and religion was found on every family altar.

All this change was accomplished by the *law of kindness*, connected with an ardent perseverance and a knowledge of human nature and its wants. And not only did he subdue all hearts around him, but his Christian conduct has obtained for him an honorable fame in all the nations where his name is known. When he died, which took place in 1826, the love of him was so universal and strong, that the inhabitants of the remotest village in his parish, though it rained in torrents, did not fail to come and take the last look of their "*dear father*." His funeral procession was two miles in length; and so strongly had his benevolence and kindness penetrated all hearts, that tears flowed from both Catholic and Protestant eyes, while regret for his loss and respect for his memory, animated all minds alike. His gravestone now stands in the "church yard among the mountains," and, there is recorded on it the simple and expressive fact, that he was for "fifty-nine years the Father of the Ban de la Roche."*

The next illustration in the law of kindness, is found in the conduct of William I. Reese, a

* See Universalist Expositor, volume 3: p. 119, and Penny Magazine, volume 7: p. 220.

clergyman of the Universalist denomination.— He was pastor of the Universalist society in Buffalo, N. Y. He entered upon his charge in the year 1834, during the Summer of which, Buffalo was filled with dismay and mourning by a dreadful visitation of Cholera. But while the angel of death was strong in his work, sweeping crowds to the tomb, Mr. Reese was active in visiting the sick, irrespective of their faith or condition. Armed by the spirit of Christian love, which destroyed the fear of contagion, he devoted his days and nights to administering relief, consolation and sympathy to the dying and the mourning. And in this work of kindness, so full of moral sublimity, he was smitten by Cholera, and died, September 6, 1834. But so conspicuous was his devoted love, that it won the respect and admiration of all sects, disarmed bigotry of its frown, and procured a place for his memory in the hearts of multitudes in Buffalo, who had no confidence in his faith. His funeral was attended by crowds belonging to all denominations, so universally was he esteemed. Well was it said of him :—

“ Friend of the friendless ! when high o'er the land
The swift-winged pestilence, with gory hand
Waved death's black banner through the la'bring air,
In the lone aisle was heard thy rising prayer:
And gently bending over the bed of death,
Thy soothing voice relieved the fal'tring breath ;

Calmimg the fired soul in the dissolving strife,
And pointed heavenward to eternal life!"

The fact now to be exhibited, shows in a lively manner, how an extraordinary instance of kindness has softened the asperities of opposition to a sect, whose peculiar forms and tenets are disbelieved by the mass of American people—I mean the conduct of the Sisters of Charity, an association of females in the Roman Catholic communion, who have dedicated themselves wholly to benevolence. During the time when the angel of death, in the shape of Cholera, raged in Philadelphia, in the Summer of 1832, a number of the Sisters of Charity from Montreal, voluntarily assumed the noble duty of attending the sick in that city. And though they were constantly in danger of being infected with the awful pestilence, and of being consigned to the tomb in a few hours, yet, armed with a Christian spirit, they watched the sick, and hovered around the couch of death, like angels of mercy, courageous in their benevolence when others were fleeing in abject fear. And when asked why they, Catholics as they were, should be so ready to assist Protestants and the opposers of their faith, the answer in substance was, that to see a fellow-being, no matter of what name or sect, in distress, was sufficient to excite their endeavors to remove

that distress. As a token of warm thanks, the Corporation of Philadelphia tendered a piece of silver plate to each of the Sisters for acceptance; but they refused it, not only as contrary to their rules, but with a reply worthy alike of Christianity and the cause in which they were engaged: "If their exertions," said they, "have been useful to their suffering fellow-beings, and satisfactory to the public authorities, they deem it a sufficient reward, and indeed the only one which would be consistent with their vocation to receive." All this conduct is the pure spirit of the law of kindness. And it has gone farther in softening the opposition of the Protestants to the Catholics, than though an inquisition had been built in each State, with full power to destroy all dissenters. For it gained the admiration and approbation of the reflecting in all denominations, and proved that the Sisters of Charity were actuated by the benevolence of Christ.

The following beautiful lines, entitled "The Sisters of Charity," have a very appropriate application to this portion of my theme. Who the author of them is, I know not—they originally appeared in a public newspaper.

"She knelt beside his couch. Her fair, slight hands,
Were clasped upon her breast; and from her lips,
Her spirit's prayer broke murmuringly. Her eyes,
Large, dark and trembling in their liquid light,

Were turned to heaven in tears ; and through her frame
 The panic of a moment chilly ran ;
 'Twas but a moment ; and again she rose,
 And bent her form over the bed of torture
 Like the fair lily o'er the troubled wave.
 Her eye was brighter, and her brow more calm,
 And, with untrembling hand, but pallid cheek,
 She ministered unto him. *He was dying,*
 The pestilence had smitten him ; and he,
 Like to a parchment shrivelled in the flame.
 Withered and shrunk beneath it. His fair brow
 Grew black and blasted ; and where smiles had brightened,
 Horror, despair, agony, now grinned !
 His frame, knotted and writhed, lay an unsightly lump,
 Wrung with unearthly tortures ; and his soul
 Struggled in death, with shrieks, and howls, and curses.
 Men veiled their eyes and fled. Yet she stood there ;
 Still sweetly calm and unappalled, she stood ;
 Her soft hand smoothed his torture-wrinkled brow,
 And held the cool draught to his severed lips ;
 Her sweet voice blessed him : and his soul grew calm.
 Death was upon him, black and hideous death,
 Rending his vitals with a hand of flame,
 And wrenching nerves, and knitting sinews up.
 With iron fingers :—yet his soul grew calm,
 And while her voice in angel accents spoke,
 Rose, with her prayers, to heaven—one look she gave—
 He laid—a black'ning, foul, and hideous corse !
 With sick'ning heart the pure one turned away—
 To bend her, fainting, o'er another couch.

* * * * *

Ye who dare peril on the tented field,
 And write your courage in your brother's blood,
 Who, 'neath the cannon's death-cloud seek a grave,
 And call your maduess glory—*look and blush.*"

The instances which have been introduced, present this great fact, that the law of kindness

was uniformly successful and beautiful in operation, and never failed to brighten its pathway with blessings. Yet the individuals who exerted it, were members of different denominations of professing Christians. Howard was a moderate Calvinist; Fenelon and the Sisters of Charity were Catholics; Oberlin and Reese were Universalists. Yet with one uniform *law of kindness* of the same spirit both in precept and practice, they achieved the most splendid results. The prisoner was melted and subdued; the respect and protection of contending armies were gained; semi-barbarous people were changed into civilized inhabitants; the sick and dying were cheered; the admiration of opposing sects was won. For the individuals who thus sublimely illustrated the law of kindness, are valued, and their memories are warmly cherished by all classes, though they belonged to sects widely sundered from each other in creeds and ecclesiastical government. So true is it, that the spirit of Christ and the power of benevolence are not confined to one sect or gathered up in one creed, but are manifested by all those whose hearts have been watered by the dews of the heavenly truth, "love your enemies," irrespective of the denomination to which they severally belong.

Can any individual, in view of these facts,

doubt the efficacy of the divine precept, "overcome evil with good?" Can they deliberately affirm that the strong arm of revenge is the best conqueror of evil?—that retaliation is the surest mode of overcoming an enemy?—that opposition should be crushed by the iron power of force? Can it be declared that kindness is without influence?—that the voice of love will not reach and soften the soul long under the dominion of violence?—that it will not subdue the stubbornness of bigotry? So far is this from being the fact—so sanguine do I feel in the power of kindness—that I am almost convinced, that there never yet was an instance in which kindness has been fairly exercised, but that it has subdued the enmity opposed to it. Its first effort may not succeed, any more than one rain can reclaim the burning desert—but let it repeatedly shed the dew of its holy influence upon the revengeful soul, and it will soon become beautiful with every flower of tenderness. An individual can no more oppose kindness which is continually and steadily manifesting itself towards him, than he can fan the flame of violent anger in his soul, when the most pure and charming music is flooding his senses with its rich volumes. He will as certainly submit to its winning power, as the compass-needle yields to the influence of magnetism. It is not in human

nature to withstand a long course of kindness. Pride and stubbornness may, for a time, stay the tide of better feelings, like the waters of the stream pent up by gathering masses of ice; but they will accumulate and increase, until they break down pride and stubbornness, and cause the repentant to exclaim like one of old, "thou knowest that I love thee." Let any person put the question to his or her soul, whether, under any circumstances, they could deliberately resist continued kindness?—and a voice of the affection will answer, that good is omnipotent in overcoming evil. If the angry and revengeful person would only govern his passions, and light the lamp of affection in his heart, that it might stream out in his features and actions, he would soon discover a wide difference in his communion with the world. The gentle would no longer avoid him; friends would not approach him with a frown; the weak would no longer meet him with dread; children would no longer shrink from him with fear; he would find that his kindness wins all by his smile, giving them confidence and securing their friendship. Verily I say to you, that kindness is mightier than the conqueror; for the conqueror subdues only the body—KINDNESS SUBDUES THE SOUL.

CHAPTER IV.

THE DISARMING FORCE OF KINDNESS.

"It is very true, as mother used to tell me, if you want to love people, or almost to love them, just do them a kindness, think how you can set about to make them happier, and the love, or something that will answer the purpose, will be pretty sure to come."—RICH POOR MAN—p. 11.

The object of this Chapter, is to present an additional number of instances from the workshop of human life, to exhibit the power of kindness in subduing enmity and changing foes into friends. And it will be observed here, as in the last Chapter, that these instances are not dreams, the mere outbreakings of fancy or falsehood; but they are tangible facts, as far beyond doubt as they are excellent in spirit.

It is well known that Quakers, or Friends, have adopted the non-resistance principle, or the law, "overcome evil with good." The founder of Philadelphia, William Penn, was completely armed with the spirit of this principle. When he visited this country, he came without cannon or sword, and with a determination to meet the Indians with truth and kind-

ness. He bought their land and paid them—he made a treaty with them and observed it—and he always treated them as men. As a specimen of the manner in which he met the Indians, the following instance is very striking. There were some fertile and excellent lands, which, in 1698, Penn ascertained were excluded from his first purchase—and as he was very desirous of obtaining them, he made the proposal to the Indians that he would buy those lands, if they were willing. They returned for answer, that they had no desire to sell the spot where their fathers were deposited—but to “please their father Onas,” as they named Penn, they said that he should have some of the lands. This being decided, they concluded the bargain, that Penn might have as much land as a young man could travel round in one day, “beginning at the great river Cosquanco, now Kensington, and ending at the great river Kallapingo, now Bristol;” and as an equivalent, they were to receive a certain amount of English goods. Though this plan of measuring the land was of their own selection, yet they were greatly dissatisfied with it, after it had been tried; “for the young Englishman chosen to walk off the tract of land, walked so fast and far, as to greatly astonish and mortify them.—The governor observed this dissatisfaction, and

asked the cause. ‘The walker cheated us,’ said the Indians.

‘Ah, how can it be?’ said Penn; ‘did you not choose yourselves to have the land measured in this way?’

‘True,’ replied the Indians, ‘but white brother make a big walk.’

Some of Penn’s commissioners, waxing warm, said the bargain was a fair one, and insisted that the Indians ought to abide by it, and if not, should be compelled to it.

‘Compelled!’ exclaimed Penn, ‘how can you *compel* them without bloodshed? Don’t you see this looks to murder?’ Then turning with a benignant smile to the Indians, he said: ‘Well, brothers, if you have given us too much land for the goods first agreed on, how much more will satisfy you?’

This proposal gratified them; and they mentioned the quantity of cloth, and number of fish hooks, with which they would be satisfied.—These were cheerfully given; and the Indians, shaking hands with Penn, went away smiling. After they were gone, the governor, looking round on his friends, exclaimed, ‘O how sweet and cheap a thing is charity! Some of you spoke just now, of *compelling* these poor creatures to stick to their bargain, that is, in plain

English, to fight and kill them, and all about a little piece of land." **

For this kind conduct, manifested in all his actions to the Indians, he was nobly rewarded. The untamed savage of the forest became the warm friend of the white stranger—towards Penn and his followers, they buried the war-hatchet, and ever evinced the strongest respect for them. And when the Colony of Pennsylvania was pressed for provisions, and none could be obtained from other settlements ; and which scarcity arose from the increasing number of inhabitants not having time to raise the necessary food ; the Indians cheerfully came forward, and assisted the Colony by the fruits of their labors in hunting. This kindness they practiced with pleasure, because they considered it an accommodation to their "good father Onas" and his friends.† And though Penn has long been dead, yet he is not forgotten by the red men, for many of the Indians possess a knowledge of his peaceable disposition, and speak of him with a tone and feeling very different from what they manifest, when speaking of those whites who came to them with words of treachery on their tongues, and kegs of "fire-water" in their hands, and oppression in their actions.

* See the Advocate of Peace.

† See the Life of Penn.

An intelligent Quaker of Cincinnati, related to me the following circumstance, as evidence that the principle of non-resistance possesses great influence, even over the savage. During the last war, a Quaker lived among the inhabitants of a small settlement on our western frontier. When the savages commenced their desolating outbreaks, every inhabitant fled to the interior settlements, with the exception of the Quaker and his family. He determined to remain and rely wholly upon the simple rule of disarming his enemies with entire confidence and kindness. One morning, he observed through his window, a file of savages issuing from the forest in the direction of his house. He immediately went out and met them, and put out his hand to the leader of the party. But neither he nor the rest gave him any notice—they entered his house, and searched it for arms, and had they found any, most probably would have murdered every member of the family. There were none, however, and they quietly partook of the provisions which he placed before them, and left him in peace. At the entrance of the forest, he observed that they stopped and appeared to be holding a council. Soon one of their number left the rest, and came towards his dwelling on the leap. He reached the door, and fastened a simple white

feather above it, and returned to his band, when they all disappeared. Ever after, that white feather saved him from the savages; for whenever a party came by and observed it, it was a sign of peace to them. In this instance, we discover that the law of kindness disarmed even savage foes, whose white feather told their red brethren, that the Quaker was a follower of Penn and the friend of their race.

How different was the conduct of the pilgrim-fathers in reference to the Indians of New England! When land was wanted by the whites, it was taken—and if the Indians grumbled and resisted, they were met with fire and sword. The consequences were legitimate, and what might have been expected. The red man fought for the land of his fathers, and in desperation battled with those who brought the Bible in one hand, and a musket and a whiskey-bottle in the other. He hid behind every tree to slay his foes—he issued from every forest to destroy his enemies—until a brand was in the dwellings of white men, and the scalps of their women and children were dangling at the belts of merciless savages. These were the bitter fruits of the manner in which the Indians were treated in New England—fruit so different from the peace which followed the conduct of William Penn, that one may be compared to

the storm in its wrath, and the other to the benign influence of sunshine and falling dew.

The consequence of kindness and confidence, united with firmness, was strikingly exemplified in the conduct of two individuals, each of whom stood at the head of a company of soldiers, on our northern frontier, during a portion of the last war. Their names might be given, but as one is still living,* they are suppressed. Both had strict discipline in their companies—but one produced it by *excessive flagging*—the other, by *kindness and firmness*. The result of the two modes of government, is as follows:—The soldiers of the severe captain *hated* him, and could they have obtained a favorable opportunity in battle, would have shot him without hesitation. The soldiers of the other captain *loved* him, and if necessary, would have waded to their knees in blood to follow their beloved leader.

The power of kindness in subduing enmity, between individuals, is strikingly set forth in the following fact: Some Indians, in March, 1783, attacked and scattered in every direction, a party of men, women and children, belonging to a settlement made in Kentucky, by a brother of the celebrated Daniel Boone. Col. Floyd,

*In 1840.

having heard of the affair, instantly collected twenty-five men, and hastened to the place of battle. But the Indians formed an ambuscade for the Colonel and his party, which, as they fell into it without discovering it, ended in their defeat. The Colonel came near losing his life ; but Captain Wells noticing that he was on foot, and that the enemy was after him, generously gave up his own horse, mounted the Colonel upon it, and then walked by the side of the horse, to support Floyd, lest he should be faint from his wounds, and fall off. *"This act of Captain Wells was the more magnanimous, as Floyd and himself were not friends at the time."* But the consequences of this very generous conduct, were most excellent. The enmity of Floyd was destroyed, and he and Wells ever after were firm and fast friends.*

The power of kindness to produce reformation, is nobly illustrated in many of the scenes of existence—but perhaps as much so in the following fact, as in any. It is a story from real life, which appeared in the Monthly Repository, for August, 1825, published in London. The Editor of the Repository observes, that he extracted it from a letter which was addressed to himself.

*See Life of Boone, by Flint, p. 194.

"Seven or eight years before his decease, our friend found that one of his clerks had wronged him considerably, and I believe even put his life into his power: without appearing to have discovered the circumstance, Mr. —— desired the young man to come to his dwelling-house in the afternoon; he watched for his arrival, opened the door himself, and after leading him up into a chamber and locking the door, informed him that all his misconduct was made known. Pale and trembling, the offender dropped upon his knees: the master bade him not be terrified at the punishment, but think of the guilt of the deed which he had done; and after saying as much as he thought would be profitable, he left him, carrying the key from the outside of the door. Before night he took him refreshments, talking to him again, and desired him to go to bed and reflect. When the succeeding day drew to a close, he visited him for the last time, saying, 'I now come to release you; here is a letter to a friend of mine in London, who knows nothing of your crime, and will give you immediate employment. Here is money,' added he, putting a purse into his hand, 'to support you till your quarter's salary becomes due.' He then conducted him out of the house, unseen by any one. This benevolent treatment awakened the gratitude and

effected the reformation of the young man, who is now a person of highly respectable character." Such was the result of kindness in this case. Had harshness, however, been substituted for kindness, it would not have been surprising if the clerk, instead of becoming "a person of highly respectable character," had gone deeper into crime, and ended his days, either in Botany Bay or on the gallows; as many a person has done before and since he was melted by subduing affection.

The late Dr. Bowditch, of Salem, Mass., was a man as eminent for his great and useful talents, as he was beloved by all who were acquainted with him. An instance is related of him, which is a complete manifestation of the command, "If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink; for in so doing, thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head."

"Dr. Bowditch had been preparing a plan of Salem, which he intended soon to publish. It had been the fruit of much labor and care. By some means or other, an individual in town had surreptitiously got possession of it, and had the audacity to issue proposals to publish it as his own. This was too much for Dr. Bowditch to bear. He instantly went to the person, and burst out into the following strain:—' You villain! how dare you do this? What do you

mean by it? If you presume to proceed any farther in this business, I will prosecute you to the utmost extent of the law.' The poor fellow cowered before the storm of his indignation, and was silent—for his wrath was terrible. Dr. Bowditch went home, and slept on it; and the next day, hearing from some authentic source that the man was extremely poor, and had probably been driven by the necessities of his family to commit this audacious plagiarism, his feelings were touched, his heart relented, his anger melted away like wax. He went to him again, and said, 'Sir, you did very wrong, and you know it, to appropriate to your own use and benefit, the fruit of my labors. But I understand you are poor, and have a family to support. I feel for you, and will help you. That plan is unfinished, and contains errors that would have disgraced you and me, had it been published in the state in which you found it. I'll tell you what I will do. I will finish the plan; I will correct the errors; and then you shall publish it for your own benefit, and I will head the subscription list with my name.' ”

This simple fact adds great glory to the memory of this eminent man. It shows that he could command his passions, so as to forgive the

*Memoir of the Life and Character of Nathaniel Bowditch, in Waldie's Library, vol. 8, p. 411.

person who had wronged him, and to overcome him with unexpected kindness. In this respect he was greater than Alexander—for in all the pride and luxury of a mighty nation, Alexander, with enslaved kings at his feet, was a slave to himself. But Bowditch, in a case of real injury to himself, smothered his rising wrath, and overcame evil with good, and that, too, in a most substantial manner. Was not his conduct very beautiful—more noble, than though he had exerted every effort to crush the man who was driven by poverty, to the commission of a wrong act? Surely!—it was god-like, and worthy of all imitation.

In the popular work entitled, "Nicholas Nickleby," Dickens has pictured a firm of merchants, the CHEERYBLE BROTHERS, in a most delightful manner. They were bent on good—their hearts were overflowing with benevolence—and their greatest joy was, to be certain that they had increased the happiness of some one or more of their fellow-beings. The Cheeryble Brothers, though described and existing in a fictitious work, are said to be but the representatives of a firm of merchants who live in England, and are full of excellent deeds and the warmest kindness. The following noble fact concerning these truly good men, nobly shows the power of the law, "overcome evil

with good." It is related in a paper published in Manchester, England.

"The elder brother of this house of merchant-princes, amply revenged himself upon a libeller who had made himself merry with the peculiarities of the amiable fraternity. This man published a pamphlet, in which one of the brothers (D.) was designated as 'Billy Button,' and represented as talking largely of their foreign trade, having travellers who regularly visited Chowbent, Bullock, Smithy, and other foreign parts. Some 'kind friend' had told W. of this pamphlet, and W. had said that the man would live to repent of its publication. This saying was kindly conveyed to the libeller, who said that he should take care never to be in their debt. But the man in business does not always know who shall be his creditor. The author of the pamphlet became bankrupt, and the brothers held an acceptance of his, which had been endorsed by the drawer, who had also become bankrupt. The wantonly libelled men had thus become creditors of the libeller. They now had it in their power to make him repent of his audacity. He could not obtain his certificate without their signature, and without it he could not enter into business again. He had obtained the number of signatures required by the bankrupt laws, except one.

"It seemed folly to hope that the firm of 'Brothers' would supply the deficiency. What, they, who had cruelly been made the laughing-stock of the public, forget the wrong, and favor the wrong-doer! He despaired; but the claims of a wife and children forced him at last to make the application. Humbled by misery, he presented himself at the counting-room of the wronged. W. was there alone, and his first words to the delinquent were, 'Shut the door, Sir!' sternly uttered. The door was shut, and the libeller stood trembling before the libelled. He told his tale, and produced his certificate, which was instantly clutched by the injured merchant.

"'You wrote a pamphlet against us once!' exclaimed W. The suppliant expected to see his parchment thrown into the fire; but this was not its destination. W. took a pen, and writing something on the document, handed it back to the bankrupt. He, poor wretch, expected to see there 'rogue, scoundrel, libeller,' inscribed; but there was, in fair, round characters, the signature of the firm! 'We make it a rule,' said W., 'never to refuse signing the certificate of an honest tradesman, and we have never heard you was any thing else.' The tear started into the poor man's eyes.

“ ‘Ah!’ said W., ‘my saying was true. I said you would live to repent writing that pamphlet. I did not mean it as a threat; I only meant that some day you would know us better, and would repent you had tried to injure us. I see you repent of it now.’ ‘I do, I do,’ said the grateful man. ‘Well, well, my dear fellow,’ said W., ‘you know us now. How do you get on? What are you going to do?’ The poor man stated that he had friends who could assist him when his certificate was obtained. ‘But how are you off in the mean time?’ And the answer was, that having given up every thing to his creditors, he had been compelled to stint his family of even the common necessaries, that he might be enabled to pay the cost of his certificate. ‘My dear fellow,’ said W., ‘this will never do—your family must not suffer. Be kind enough to take this ten pound note to your wife from me. There, there, my dear fellow—nay, don’t cry—it will be all well with you yet. Keep up your spirits, set to work like a man, and you will raise your head yet.’ The overpowered man endeavored in vain to express his thanks—the swelling in his throat forbade words; he put his handkerchief to his face, and went out of the door crying like a child.”

Here we discover the proper result of kindness. If these truly good men had pursued a different course—if they had treated that unfortunate man with harshness—if they had refused to sign his certificate—how different would have been the consequences. His energies would have been crushed, hope would have deserted him, and, perchance, like multitudes before him, he would have fallen into intemperance and vice, and ended his days in prison. His family would have become the prey of gaunt poverty, his children would have been neglected, to grow up in ignorance and crime; while his wife, if not driven to licentiousness by absolute want, would have gone down to the grave, like many others of her sex before her, broken-hearted. But kindness changed such fearful gleamings of horror, into a bright morning of joy. The fallen man was cheered—his hopes were revived—a path was open by which to retrieve himself—his generous creditors, whom he had treated so unkindly, took the last obstacle out of his path to prosperity again—and not only this, they gave him means to keep his family in comfort, while he was collecting his energies for another effort in life. Poor fellow! well might his tongue refuse to do its office, and his eyes gush with tears of repentance and subdued feeling.

The melting influence of kindness became out of the following incident, which beautifully illustrates the object of this chapter. About a century since, a comic author employed an actor, "celebrated for mimicry," to visit the celebrated Dr. Woodward, of England, for the purpose of gaining a knowledge of his manner, person and awkward delivery. The object was, to create laughter by having the actor mimic the doctor, on the stage. To accomplish this, the actor, in the dress of a countryman, waited upon the doctor, declaring that his wife was sorely afflicted with diseases, and amazed him by stating that she was borne down with an oppressive burthen of accumulated pains of the most opposite nature. After having gained the knowledge he wished, the actor awkwardly offered a guinea to the doctor as a fee. "Put up thy money, poor fellow," cried the doctor, "put up thy money. Thou hast need of all thy cash and all thy patience too, with such a bundle of diseases tied to thy back." The actor returned to the author, and gave such a correct and ludicrous imitation of the doctor, that his employer absolutely screamed with delight. But it appears that the kindness of the doctor had a very different effect from what the author anticipated; for the mimic petrified him, by declaring, in the voice of warm and subdued

feeling, "that he would sooner die than prostitute his talents to the rendering such genuine humanity a public laughing-stock."* Had the doctor treated him harshly and unkindly, it would undoubtedly have given the mimic unbounded satisfaction to cover him with ridicule. But to imitate the man who had used him with such tender kindness, for the purpose of ministering to the laughs of an unthinking rabble, was beyond his power—his feelings would not permit him—he was completely overcome by the commisseration of the doctor.

In the light of these facts, every person must perceive the efficacy and power of the divine principle, "overcome evil with good"—and must admit, that as God has given it to us, and the Saviour made it the leading precept of his system, as well as the guide of his holy life, so, we should not only write it with indelible remembrance upon our hearts, but we should also act according to its dictates and direction. Towards all who come within the reach of our influence, it should be exercised. If used rightly, it will be found a key which will open the hearts of all around us, giving us a place in their affections. It will disarm anger of its

*I am indebted for this fact, to the Penny Magazine, volume i, p. 208.

power, hatred of its sting, enmity of its opposition, and sarcasm of its malice. It will make the communion of husband and wife more tender—it will secure the obedience of children—it will make the ties of friendship strong—it will turn enmity into tender feeling—it will minister to the widow and orphan in the pitiless storms of winter—and it will look to the comfort of the dumb beasts who serve us, saving them from cruelty, and insuring them good treatment. All this it will do, if practiced. And need it be said, that it is the duty of every person to be guided in action, by the Christian law, "overcome evil with good?"

CHAPTER V.

KINDNESS AND INSANITY.

"Such is the power of mighty love."—DRYDEN.

"Mightier far
Than strength of nerve, or sinew, or the sway
Of magic potent over sun and star,
Is love."—WORDSWORTH.

There is still another scene in human life, where the law of kindness is producing the most extraordinary results—results which are contrary to all former experience. I mean, those unfortunate beings whose light of reason becomes quenched in madness, and the mode by which they are now generally governed. It has hitherto been universally believed, that insane persons must be governed by violence, and that such a mode is the only manner in which they can be managed. Hence, in the past history of insanity, we find it one account of chains, rags, filth and harshness—while the violent and refractory have been subjected to severe corporeal punishment, in order to subdue

them. So that those poor, afflicted persons, whose mental house was in disorder, not only endured the wo of the utter blasting of reason, but they were visited with cruelty and unkindness.

But now, such views rarely exist. It is seen and admitted, not only that harshness and violence aggravate the complaint of the insane, but that it is both necessary and efficacious to cast the oil of kindness upon the boisterous waters of insanity, and that soothing manners, and mild, interesting objects, gain the attention of the poor victims, and render the chances of recovery more certain and complete. Hence, at the present day, in most, and I do not know but that in all, of the hospitals for the insane, the kindest mode of government is pursued, and the whole discipline adopted, is entirely the spirit of the law, "overcome evil with good." And over the gate of the institution where the most success in curing insane persons is manifested, there ought always to be written, "kindness reigns here." But though kindness is, or soon will be, the universal rule of action in reference to all maniacs, yet there is an instance on record, which may even be called a bold and daring exhibition of its power; or at least, an instance in which most people would have hesitated, and even refused to adopt it; and

one, too, where we should have expected the principle to utterly and entirely fail. There is a Lunatic Asylum for paupers, in Hanwell, England. This asylum was formerly conducted on the old principle of violence, confinement, chains, strait-jackets, whips and threats, until Dr. Ellis and his wife took charge of the establishment. They went into it with the broadest benevolence—their only governing power was “good sense and kindness;” for these were the soul of their system. They determined to visit every lunatic with leniency and liberty. Though such an experiment endangered their lives, yet they opened every door of the building, and gave its inmates free access to every part of the asylum, treating them “as much as possible as though they were sane.” The result is ennobling; after the pursuance of such a course *for twenty years, no accident happened from it.* Miss Martineau, who visited the asylum, after speaking of the mode of government there, and the mingling of the inmates together, says:—

“I saw the worst patients in the establishment, and conversed with them, and was far more delighted than surprised to see the effect of companionship on those who might be supposed the most likely to irritate each other. Some are always in a better state when their

companions are in a worse ; and the sight of wo has evidently a softening effect upon them. One poor creature, in a paroxysm of misery, could not be passed by ; and while I was speaking to her as she sat, two of the most violent patients in the ward joined me, and the one wiped away the scalding tears of the bound sufferer, while the other told me how ' genteel an education ' she had had, and how it grieved them all to see her there. Why should it be supposed that the human heart ceases its yearnings whenever confusion is introduced among the workings of the brain ? And what is so likely to restore order, as allowing their natural play to the affections which can never be at rest ? For those who can not visit Hanwell, it may be enough to know, that no accident has happened among Dr. Ellis' many hundred patients, during the twenty years that he has been their guardian ; but there has been a far higher satisfaction in witnessing and feeling the evident security which prevails in the establishment, where the inmates are more like whimsical children, manageable by steadiness, than wretched maniacs, controllable only by force. ' Oh, do let me out ! Do let me go to my dinner ! ' wailed one in her chamber, who had been sent there because she was not ' well enough ' for society, in the morning. The dinner-bell had

made her wish herself back again among her companions. 'Let me out, and I will be quiet and gentle.' 'Will you?' was the only answer when the door was thrown open. In an instant she dispersed her tears, composed her face, and walked away like a chidden child. The talk of these paupers often abounds in oaths when they first enter; but the orderly spirit of the society soon banishes them. 'I can not hear those words,' Mrs. Ellis says; 'I will hear any thing that you have to say in a reasonable manner. I am in no hurry. I will sit down: now let me hear.' No oaths can follow an invitation like this, and the habit of using them is soon broken."*

When an individual is cured, and his mental house is put in order, he leaves the asylum with the most grateful recollections; for so great is the attention and kindness there practiced, that he feels, when he is uncomfortable, that he can return and find a home under the care of his old friends. The "parting blessing" to the cured patient, when going to the busy scenes of life, accompanied with the affectionate smile of Mrs. Ellis, and her kind invitation to return "*home*" whenever they are in difficulty, are the attractions which make the establishment so de-

* *Miscellanies*, by H. Martineau, vol. i, pp. 242, 243.

stirable to them. "A painter, who had long experienced the kindness of Dr. and Mrs. Ellis, was grieved to leave them. Some time after he had returned to his business in the world, he had a typhus fever; and when he was recovering, his first desire was to get back into his old quarters. 'I will go up to the Asylum,' said he; 'I am sure they will give me a nursing till I get strong.' And so they did." Could any thing be more delightful than such kindness, or more refreshing to the mind? Or could persons exhibit a more magnanimous and Christian spirit, than Dr. and Mrs. Ellis, in devoting their whole time to the welfare and comfort of insane paupers? Pure must have been the feelings and motives which actuated them—holy must have been their thoughts when dwelling upon the results of their labors. Those results are extraordinary. For not only does their kindness and judicious management firmly win the love and gratitude of the insane, but they have rendered chains entirely useless, so that, though in 1834 they had five hundred and sixty-six patients, there were only ten whose arms it was necessary even to gently confine. So that, while in many other institutions for the insane, there are heard howlings, screeches, the rattling of chains, and the utmost extent of human woe, yet here all is peace, freedom, and comparative

enjoyment. And what is more extraordinary still, is, that under their management, *ninety out of every hundred patients are cured*, and again blessed with reason.

Another most noble illustration of the law of kindness as a power to subdue and soften insanity, is found in a scene which occurred in the Bedlam or Mad House of Paris. The account of it is extracted from a letter read at the Academy of Sciences, by a son of the celebrated Pinel, who was, as I suppose from the account, keeper or head overseer in the Bicetre.

"Towards the end of 1792, Pinel, after having many times urged the government to allow him to unchain the maniacs of the Bicetre, but in vain, went himself to the authorities, and with much earnestness and warmth, advocated the removal of this monstrous abuse. Couthon, a member of the Commune, gave way to M. Pinel's arguments, and agreed to meet him at the Bicetre. Couthon then interrogated those who were chained, but the abuse he received, and the confused sounds of cries, vociferations, and clanking of chains, in the filthy and damp cells, made him recoil from Pinel's proposition.— 'You may do what you will with them,' said he, 'but I fear you will become their victim.' Pinel instantly commenced his undertaking. There were about fifty whom he considered

might, without danger to the others, be unchained; and he began by releasing twelve, with the sole precaution of having previously prepared the same number of strong waistcoats, with long sleeves, which could be tied behind the back if necessary.

"The first man on whom the experiment was to be tried, was an English captain, whose history no one knew, *as he had been in chains forty years*. He was thought to be one of the most furious among them. His keepers approached him with caution, as he had, in a fit of fury, killed one of them on the spot, with a blow from his manacles. He was chained more vigorously than any of the others. Pinel entered his cell unattended, and calmly said, 'Captain, I will order your chains to be taken off, and give you liberty to walk in the court, if you will promise me to behave well, and injure no one.' 'Yes, I promise you,' said the maniac, 'but you are laughing at me—you are all too much afraid of me.' 'I have six men,' said Pinel, 'ready to enforce my commands, if necessary. Believe me, then, on my word, I will give you your liberty, if you will put on this waistcoat.' He submitted to this willingly, without a word. His chains were removed, and the keepers retired, leaving the door open. He raised himself many times from his seat, but fell

back again on it ; for he had been in a sitting posture so long, that he had lost the use of his legs. In a quarter of an hour, he succeeded in maintaining his balance, and with tottering steps, came to the door of his dark cell. His first look was at the sky, and he cried out enthusiastically, ' How beautiful ! ' During the rest of the day he was constantly in motion, walking up and down the staircases, and uttering short exclamations of delight. In the evening he returned of his own accord into his cell, where a better bed than he had been accustomed to, had been prepared for him, and he slept tranquilly. During the two succeeding years which he spent in the Bicetre, he had no return of his previous paroxysms, but even rendered himself useful, by exercising a kind of authority over the insane patients, whom he ruled in his own fashion.

" The next unfortunate being whom Pissel visited, was a soldier of the French Guards, whose only fault was drunkenness ; when once he lost his self-command by drink, he became quarrelsome and violent, and the more dangerous from his great bodily strength. From his frequent excesses, he had been discharged from his corps, and he speedily dissipated his scanty means. Disgrace and misery so depressed him, that he became insane ; in his paroxysms,

he believed himself a general, and fought those who would not acknowledge his rank. After a furious struggle of this sort, he was brought to the Bicetre in a state of great excitement. He had now *been chained for ten years*, and with greater care than the others, from his having frequently broken his chains with his hands only. Once, when he broke loose, he defied all his keepers to enter his cell until they had each passed under his legs ; and he compelled eight men to obey this strange command. Pinel, in his previous visits to him, regarded him as a man of original good nature, but *under excitement incessantly kept up by cruel treatment* ; and he had promised speedily to ameliorate his condition, which promise alone had made him more calm. Now he announced to him that he should be chained no longer. And to prove that he had confidence in him, and believed him to be a man capable of better things, he called upon him to assist in releasing those others who had not reason like himself ; and promised, if he conducted himself well, to take him into his own service. The change was sudden and complete. No sooner was he liberated, than he became attentive, following with his eye every motion of Pinel, and executing his orders with much address and promptness ; he spoke kindly and reasonably to the other patients, and

during the rest of his life, was entirely devoted to his deliverer. And 'I can never hear without emotion,' says Pinel's son, 'the name of this man, who, some years after this occurrence, shared with me the games of my childhood, and to whom I shall feel always attached.'

"In the next cell were three Prussian soldiers, *who had been in chains for many years*, but on what account no one knew. They were, in general, calm and inoffensive, becoming unmated only when conversing together in their own language, which was unintelligible to others. They were allowed the only consolation of which they appeared sensible—to live together. The preparations taken to release them, alarmed them, as they imagined the keepers had come to *inflict new severities*; and they opposed them violently, when removing their irons. When released, they were not willing to leave their prison, and remained in their habitual posture. Either grief or loss of intellect, rendered them indifferent to liberty.

"Near them was an old priest, who was possessed with the idea that he was Christ; his appearance indicated the vanity of his belief; he was grave and solemn, his smile soft, and at the same time severe, repelling all familiarity; his hair was long, and hung on each side of his face, which was pale, intelligent, and resigned.

On his being once taunted with a question, that 'if he was Christ, he could break his chains,' he solemnly replied, '*Frustra tentaris Dominum tuum.*' His whole life was a romance of religious excitement. He undertook, on foot, pilgrimages to Cologne and Rome, and made a voyage to America for the purpose of converting the Indians: his dominant idea became changed into actual mania, and on his return to France, he announced himself as the Saviour. He was taken by the police before the archbishop of Paris, by whose orders he was confined in the Bicetre, as either impious or insane. *His hands and feet were loaded with heavy chains,* and during twelve years he bore with exemplary patience martyrdom and constant sarcasms. Pinel did not attempt to reason with him, but ordered him to be unchained in silence, directing, at the same time, that every one should imitate the old man's reserve, and never speak to him. This order was rigorously observed, and *produced on the patient a more decided effect than either chains or the dungeon;* he became humiliated by this unusual isolation, and, after hesitating a long time, gradually introduced himself to the society of the other patients. From this time, his notions became more just and sensible, and in less than a year he acknowled-

ledged the absurdity of his previous prepossession, and was dismissed from the Bicetre.

"In the course of a few days, Pinel *released fifty-three maniacs from their chains*; among them were men of all conditions and countries; workmen, merchants, soldiers, lawyers, etc. The result was beyond his hopes. Tranquillity and harmony succeeded to tumult and disorder; and the whole discipline was marked with a regularity and kindness, which had the most favorable effect on the insane themselves, *rendering even the most furious more tractable.*"*

To these cases, we might add many more selected from the Lunatic institutions of our own country, especially those at Charlestown and Worcester, Mass. But those instances already presented, are sufficient for my purpose. In them, the mightiness of the law of kindness is strikingly apparent. It had not to deal with the wise, the reasonable, and the Christianized—those who understood its divine origin, and felt its requirements. But it came in contact with the insane—those whose mental light had been quenched in the boisterous waters of madness, and the star of whose reason had set in darkness; those who could not appreciate the influences and tendencies of kindness; those who

*I am indebted for this extract, to one of the Reports of the Boston Prison Discipline Society.

had been confined and chained for a number of years—who had been rendered fierce by ill treatment, and whose insanity had been aggravated by violence. And what was the result of the operations of this law? It made the stormy maniac gentle as a child; it hushed piercing screeches into softness; it changed violent opposition into obedience; it gave comparative happiness to those whose previous days of insanity were not relieved by a single spot of pleasure. And how did it effect this? It reared no chilly dungeon, gloomy with filth and damp straw; it threw no chains upon the limbs of those who came under its charge; it uttered no threats; it wielded no lash. It cast the oil of gentleness upon the raging waves of violence; it wove its web of silk around the bitter and blighted soul; it threw its light into mental darkness; and it knocked gently for admittance into the fleshly house which was deprived of its lamp of reason. And, lo! not only did insanity bow to its holy influence, but in almost every instance, it succeeded in re-arranging the disturbed brain, and in replacing the light of reason in its socket, to fit and prepare its subject once more for the varied duties of human life. Oh, if aught is wanting to convince the sceptical of the power of kindness, it is found here! For if that law will subdue the maniac, calm

down the raging storm of insanity, and render the poor victim of dethroned reason, as mild and obedient as a child, it certainly will have a powerful influence over those who are sane, whatever may be their situation. If Deity has so constituted his creature, that violent madness will bow before the law of kindness, we may well believe, that in reference to sane men, it is far the best to obey the direction of his inspired servant, "If thine enemy hunger, feed him ; if he thirst, give him drink ; for, in so doing, thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head," illustrated, as it is, by the conduct of the Saviour, who for his enemies prayed, "Father, forgive them ; for they know not what they do."

CHAPTER VI.

KINDNESS AND CRIME.

"The secret of the success of the Prison Discipline Society, is its use of the great principle of the Gospel—love to the guilty."—*PRISONS DISCIPLINE REPORT.*

There is yet another department of human life, in which the law of kindness is acquiring extensive and powerful influence. I have reference to criminals—those victims of vice who break the laws of society, and consequently endure the penalties attached to those laws. In times past, criminals have been visited with constant severity, and in multitudes of instances, with positive cruelty. And at the present day, it is not only the fact in many prisons, that prisoners, in order to subdue them, are subjected to vindictive and frequent corporeal punishments, but multitudes of people still cherish the erroneous notion, that prisoners can not be controlled in any other manner than by unrelenting severity. This, however, is a fatal mistake. For, in every instance in which kindness has

been properly exhibited in governing criminals, it has not failed, but has succeeded in its object. And not only is the divine view that the law of overcoming evil with good, is the noblest power which can be exerted in subduing criminals, but a large portion of the civilized world is assenting to the fact, that we should "love the enemies" of State as well as of individuals. That such a fact is the genial dew to fertilize the barren heart, the key to unlock the hidden feeling, the magnet to attract the love of the hardened soul, there are many touching incidents to prove; some of which will be introduced.

During the Irish Rebellion, in 1798, Joseph Holt, one of the rebel generals, was taken by the government authority. In consequence of his goodness of character,* which excited even the respect of those against whom he rebelled, he was saved from capital punishment, and was transported to New South Wales. After his arrival, he was employed as overseer on the estate of a Mr. Cox, and had forty-five convicts and twenty-five freemen under his guidance.

*The commutation of his sentence from death to transportation, was brought about by the kindness which Holt extended to a captive officer, who was about to be slain by the rebels; Holt interfered, and saved his life. The influence which the officer possessed, enabled him to deliver Holt from a disgraceful execution.

These convicts met at his hands nothing but kindness and confidence, and the result is given in his memoirs, published in London, in the year 1838.

" As to the convicts, there was a certain quantity of work, which, by the government regulations, they must do in a given time, and this may be given to them by the day, week, or month, as you pleased, and they must be paid a certain price for all the work they did beyond a certain quantity. If they were idle, and did not do the regulated quantity of work, it was only necessary to take them before a magistrate, and he would order them twenty-five lashes of the cat on their backs, for the first offence, fifty for the second, and so on : and if that would not do, they were at last put into a jail-gang, and made to work in irons from morning till night.

" In order to keep them honest, I paid them fully and fairly for every thing they did beyond their stipulated task, at the same time I paid the freemen ; and if I thought the rations not sufficient for their comfortable support, I issued to each man six pounds of wheat, fourteen of potatoes, and one of pork, in addition. By this means the men were well fed, for the old saying is true: ' Hunger will break through stone walls ;' and it is *all nonsense to make laws for starving men.* When any article was stolen

from me, I instantly paraded all hands, and told them that if it was not restored in a given time, I would stop all extra allowances and indulgences: 'the thief,' said I, 'is a disgrace to the establishment, and all employed in it; let the honest men find him out, and punish him among yourselves; do not let it be said that the flogger ever polluted this place by his presence. You all know the advantages you enjoy above gangs on any other estate in the colony; do not, then, throw them away. Do not let me know who the thief is, but punish him by your own verdict.' I then dismissed them.

"The transports would say among themselves, that *what I had told them was all right.* 'We won't', they would reason, 'be punished because there happens to be an ungrateful thief among us.' They then called a jury, and entered into an investigation, and on all occasions succeeded in detecting and punishing the offender. I was, by this line of conduct, secure from plunder; and the disgusting operation of flaying a man alive, with a cat-o'-nine-tails, did not disgrace the farms under my superintendence. Mr. Cox said one day to me, 'Pray, Joseph, how is it that you never have to bring your men to punishment? You have more under you I believe than any man in the colony, and, to the surprise of all, you have never had

one flogged, or indeed have made a complaint against one; they look well, and appear contented, and even happy.' 'Sir,' said I, 'I have studied human nature more than books. I had the management of many more men in my own country, and I was always rigidly just to them. I never oppressed them, or suffered them to cheat their employers or each other. They knew, if they did their duty, they would be well treated, and if not, sent to the right about. I follow the same course with the men here.....I should think myself very ill qualified to act as your overseer, were I to have a man or two flogged every week. Besides the horrible inhumanity of the practice, the loss of a man's week or fortnight's work, will not be a trifle in a year, at twelve and sixpence per week; for a man who gets the cat, is incapable of work till his back is well; so, in prudence, as well as in Christian charity, it is best to treat our fellow-creatures like men, although they may be degraded to the state of convict slaves.' "

Mr. Holt also gives an account of Colonel Collins, who was governor of the settlement at the Derwent river, in Van Dieman's Land, from 1804 till his death in 1810, whose conduct furnishes a most admirable illustration of the influence of kindness. "This gentleman had

the good will, the good wishes, and the good word of every one in the settlement. His conduct was exemplary, and his disposition most humane. His treatment of the runaway convicts was conciliatory, and even kind. He would go into the forests, among the natives, to allow these poor creatures, the runaways, an opportunity of returning to their former condition ; and, half dead with cold and hunger, they would come and drop on their knees before him, imploring pardon for their behaviour. 'Well,' he would say to them, 'now that you have lived in the bush, do you think the change you made, was for the better ? Are you sorry for what you have done ?' 'Yes, Sir.' 'And will you promise never to go away again ?' 'Never, Sir.' 'Go to the storekeeper, then,' the benevolent Collins would say, 'and get a suit of slops and your week's ration, and then go to the overseer, and attend your work. I give you my pardon ; but, remember, that I expect you will keep your promise to me.' All this was genuine kindness, and the result was peculiarly pleasing and excellent. "I have been assured," says Mr. Holt, "that there was less crime, and much fewer faults committed among the people, under Governor Collins, than in any other settlement ; which I think is a

clear proof that mercy and humanity are the best policy."*

Another instance of the extraordinary influence of interest, in the welfare of, and kindness to prisoners, is found in the conduct of an English lady, Mrs. Tatnall, wife of the keeper of Warwick Gaol. At the age of twenty-four, and on the third of March, 1803, she was married, and on the same day went to her husband's abode. But the wretchedness of the gaol, and the misery seen in it, made greater by contrast with the quiet home which she had left, so filled her with despair, that, on one occasion, when her husband was absent, she returned to her father's house—and it required all her husband's power of reason and solicitation, to induce her to return with him. After witnessing the bad habits, the profanity, the wretchedness manifested by the prisoners, who were of all ages and sexes, the thought occurred to her, whether she might not be able to effect some degree of reformation, at least, in the thoughts, manners, and conduct of convicts. This thought was immediately reduced to practice, and for twenty-five years did this admirable woman persevere in it, surrounded by the blessedness arising from conduct which flowed from the purest

*For these extracts, I am indebted to Chambers' Edinburgh Journal, for June 16th, 1838.

spring of kindness. She commenced her labors by reading the Bible and prayers to the prisoners, until, after a time, she had secured their attention and confidence. She then introduced the means of industry, so that the convicts should not be left to the influence of idleness. And, in addition, after a long struggle with great difficulties, a school was opened through her exertions, for the boys and girls, that they might be redeemed from the influence of ignorance, and consequently be better guarded against the seductions of vice. By this judicious kindness, Mrs. Tatnall obtained strong power over the affections of the convicts, especially of the boys and the girls, who became so regenerated from the depravity into which ignorance and crime had thrown them, as to return a kindred response to the voice of her goodness. As an example of the great regard and love which they cherished for their benefactress, the following affecting relation of the death of two of the boys, given in Mrs. Tatnall's own language, is full of meaning.

" Two little boys, the one thirteen, the other fourteen years of age, were brought to the prison. Both were in the last stage of consumption, emaciated, and destitute of clothing. Neither had any remembrance of their parents; they had been left destitute at too early an age

to know who or what the beings were to whom they owed their birth, and had been in the habit of wandering about during the day, subsisting on precarious charity and theft. Their nights had been passed near a brick-kiln. I watched, I may say, with a mother's care, the progress of the disease, and administered all the little comforts in my power to bestow. Such had been their extreme destitution, that it was with great difficulty they were made to believe that some sheets hanging at the fire, were intended for their use. After their removal to the infirmary, a few weeks terminated their lives. The night previous to the death of the first, he asked repeatedly how long it would be before the clock struck nine, (the hour at which I usually went to see them.) On entering the room, I perceived a marked alteration in his appearance. When I was seated by his bed, he put out his emaciated hands, wished to be raised, laid his head on my shoulder, looked at me with a smile of delight, then kissed me, and instantly expired. The other poor child departed in the same happy, composed manner, a few days after."*

Thus did this admirable woman become, as it were, the kind mother of the degraded and de-

praved. And by meeting them with tender affection, she aroused the long dormant and better feelings of their nature, called out the generous capacities of their souls, while, at the same time, their bad habits and desires were repressed, and love for virtue excited and strengthened. Nor was this the entire result of her noble conduct and its consequences upon convicts. She procured the establishment of an asylum for boys who became reformed, where they continued until they could be put out to good places.

She procured schools for the young convicts of both sexes. She effected a separation of the untried from the tried prisoners, of the young from the old, of the less guilty from the depraved, and furnished them all with means of industry, that their thoughts might be drawn from sin to the benefits and pleasures of usefulness. Yet all this was gradually effected by her practice of the law of kindness; for had she used harshness and blows, the convicts under her charge would have been hardened in their wickedness, and sullenly resisted every effort for their improvement. Well did she deserve the silver teapot and stand, which the magistrates presented her, "in acknowledgement of her meritorious conduct to the persons in the gaol." And well is she worthy

the prayers of the philanthropic and the blessings of the unfortunate.

There is another case to be exhibited, which must convince the most skeptical, that the law of kindness is almost omnipotent in subduing even violent convicts, and in producing reformation among them. In 1815 there were nearly three hundred women imprisoned in Newgate, London, some untried, some under sentence of death, some condemned to transportation, while all were sent there for every form and stage of crime. Their condition was most deplorable—the darkest wickedness was practiced among them—the pockets of visitors were robbed by them, and they were so violent, that even the governor of the prison was loth to go among them. Mrs. Fry, a benevolent lady of the denomination of Friends, on hearing of their condition, was induced to examine their situation. After this visit, when writing to a friend, she said, "All I tell thee, is a faint picture of the reality; the filth, the closeness of the rooms, the ferocious manners, and the abandoned wickedness which every thing bespoke, are quite indescribable." In 1816, she succeeded in associating with herself twelve ladies, eleven of them Friends, for the avowed purpose of reforming the degraded females of Newgate prison. In the execution of this ennobling object,

they put aside all severity, and assumed the law of kindness, and with hearts overflowing with love for the sinful subjects of their care, they commenced the experiment. Of that experiment "it was predicted, and by many, too, whose wisdom and benevolence added weight to their opinions, that *those who had set at defiance the law of the land, with all its terrors, would very speedily revolt from an authority which had nothing to enforce it, and nothing more to recommend it than its simplicity and gentleness.*" The result, however, proved this prediction unfounded in every particular.

In the short period of one month, under the admonitions and kindness of these ladies, in conjunction with the school of knowledge and industry which they established, a complete revolution was established in Newgate. So that when the Lord Mayor, the sheriffs, and several of the aldermen of London, visited the prison, the attention, the cleanly dress and appearance, the respect and obedience, as well as the propriety and decency of all the female convicts, filled them with admiration and wonder at the beneficial effects which had been produced in so short a period. And when any of their number were taken to be transported to Botany Bay, instead of breaking every thing inside of their prison, and marching off with every indication

of a bold and reckless depravity, as was formerly the case, they now parted from their companions with decorum and tears, and with deep gratitude to the ladies who had watched over them. All these results were produced by mercy. "I found," says a visitor to Newgate, "that the ladies ruled by the *law of kindness*, written in their hearts, and displayed in their actions. They spoke to the prisoners with affection and prudence. These had long been rejected by all reputable society. It was long since they had heard the voice of real compassion, or seen the example of real virtue. They had steeled their minds against the terrors of punishment, but they were melted at the warning voice of those who felt for their sorrows, while they gently reproved their misdeeds."

The grand jury of London, after their visit to Newgate, in 1818, made a "report to the court at the Old Bailey." After enumerating the blessings produced by the actions of Mrs. Fry and her friends, the report says, "If the principles which govern her regulations, were adopted towards the *males* as well as females, it would be the means of converting a prison into a school of reform; and instead of sending criminals back into the world hardened in vice and depravity, they would be repentant, and probably

*become useful members of society.”** In this case, we have a full exhibition of the law of kindness. And the results produced, were not only unexpected, but they prove that when Christ said, “love your enemies,” he uttered a precept divine in its nature, and holy in its influence, never failing, when rightly exercised, to subdue the hardest heart, and to reform the most abandoned sinner. Oh, how well might the words in reality be addressed to Mrs. Fry, which are put in the mouth of a depraved female, who, in Boz’s “Oliver Twist,” is represented as saying to a lovely girl whose kindness had melted her into tears—“Oh, lady, lady,” she said, clasping her hands passionately before her face, “if there was more like you, there would be fewer like me—there would—there would!”

There is an instance, however, in our own land, which, as it exhibits the efficacy of the law of kindness in reference to criminals, goes very far in proving that it should be exercised in every prison. This instance is manifested by Captain Pillsbury, who has charge of the Weathersfield Prison, in Connecticut. Previous to the establishment of the prison in Weathersfield, the treatment of convicts in the old Newgate

*These extracts are taken from a work entitled, “Noble Deeds of Women”—Art., Benevolence.

prison, was most cruel, belonging only to an age of ignorance and barbarity. The rooms were filthy, whipping was frequent and severe, while many of the convicts were kept continually in irons. This state of things was not only detrimental to industry, for the institution run the State in debt every year, but its effect upon the temper of the convicts, was very injurious, producing in them a "a deep-rooted and settled malignity." And there were so many recommitments to this and other prisons, of convicts who had been sentenced to it in the first instance, as to demonstrate that such treatment did not produce reformation.* But when Captain Pillsbury took charge of the new prison in Weathersfield, and the convicts were removed to it from Newgate, he instituted a very different course of treatment. He was kind in every respect, yet inflexibly firm in the discharge of his duty. He substituted the law of kindness for severity. "He minglest authority and affection in his government and instructions, so that the principles of obedience and affection flow almost spontaneously towards him from the hearts of the convicts." The consequences of such a course, were immediate and obvious. The convicts were liberated from

*See Third Report of the Prison Discipline Society, p. 166.

their irons, their respect and obedience to the Agent were gained, and the institution began to pay for itself by its own labors.† The success of kindness, as practiced by the Agent, is nobly exhibited in a few particular instances detailed by Miss Martineau, in her work entitled, "Retrospect of Western Travel."

"The wonderfully successful friend of criminals, Captain Pillsbury, of the Weathersfield Prison, has worked on this principle, and owes his success to it. His moral power over the guilty is so remarkable, that prison-breakers who can be confined no where else, are sent to him to be charmed into staying their term out. I was told of his treatment of two such. One was a gigantic personage, the terror of the country, who had plunged deeper and deeper in crime for seventeen years. Captain Pillsbury told him when he came, that he hoped he would not repeat the attempts to escape which he had made elsewhere. 'It will be best,' said he, 'that you and I should treat each other as well as we can. I will make you as comfortable as I possibly can, and shall be anxious to be your friend; and I hope you will not get me into any difficulty on your account. There is a cell intended for solitary confinement, but

†See Third Report of the Prison Discipline Society, p. 166.

we have never used it, and I should be sorry ever to have to turn the key upon any body in it. You may range the place as freely as I do, if you will trust me as I shall trust you.' The man was sulky, and for weeks showed only very gradual symptoms of softening under the operation of Captain Pillsbury's cheerful confidence. At length, information was given to the Captain, of this man's intention to break prison. The Captain called him, and taxed him with it; the man preserved a gloomy silence. He was told that it was now necessary for him to be locked up in the solitary cell, and desired to follow the Captain, who went first, carrying a lamp in one hand and the key in the other. In the narrowest part of the passage, the Captain (who is a small, slight man) turned round and looked in the face of the stout criminal. 'Now,' said he, 'I ask you whether you have treated me as I deserved? I have done every thing I could think of to make you comfortable; I have trusted you, and you have never given me the least confidence in return, and have even planned to get me into difficulty. Is this kind? And yet I can not bear to lock you up. If I had the least sign that you cared for me——' The man burst into tears. 'Sir,' said he, 'I have been a very devil these seventeen years; but you treat me like a man.' 'Come, let us go back,' said

the Captain. The convict had the free range of the prison as before. From this hour he began to open his heart to the Captain, and cheerfully fulfilled his whole term of imprisonment, confiding to his friend, as they arose, all impulses to violate his trust, and facilities for doing so which he imagined he saw.

"The other case was of a criminal of the same character, who went so far as to make the actual attempt to escape. He fell, and hurt his ankle very much. The Captain had him brought in and laid on his bed, and the ankle attended to, every one being forbidden to speak a word of reproach to the sufferer. The man was sullen, and would not say whether the bandaging of his ankle gave him pain or not. This was in the night, and every one returned to bed when this was done. But the Captain could not sleep. He was distressed at the attempt, and thought he could not have fully done his duty by any man who would make it. He was afraid the man was in great pain. He rose, threw on his gown, and went with a lamp to the cell. The prisoner's face was turned to the wall, and his eyes were closed, but the traces of suffering were not to be mistaken. The Captain loosened and replaced the bandage, and went for his own pillow to rest the limb upon, the man neither speaking nor moving all

the time. Just when he was shutting the door, the prisoner started up and called him back. 'Stop, Sir. Was it all to see after my ankle that you have got up ?'

" 'Yes, it was. I could not sleep for thinking of you.'

" 'And you have never said a word of the way I have used you !'

" 'I do feel hurt with you, but I don't want to call you unkind while you are suffering as you are now.'

" The man was in an agony of shame and grief. All he asked was to be trusted again when he should have recovered. He was freely trusted, and gave his generous friend no more anxiety on his behalf.

" Captain Pillsbury is the gentleman who, on being told that a desperate prisoner had sworn to murder him, speedily sent for him to shave him, allowing no one to be present. He eyed the man, pointed to the razor, and desired him to shave him. The prisoner's hand trembled, but he went through it very well. When he had done, the Captain said, 'I have been told you meant to murder me, but I thought I might trust you.' 'God bless you, Sir ! you may,' replied the regenerated man. Such is the power of faith in man."

No individual can avoid the conclusion which flows from these facts, viz., that *good will overcome evil*. And it can be as little doubted, that the fact now to be named, adds strength to this conclusion. When Major Goodell took charge of the State Prison at Auburn, N. Y., he was told that there was one particular convict, who was such a desperate villain, that he could not be kept in subjection except by the lash. The first time Major Goodell met this convict, was in the yard of the prison. He spoke to him kindly, inquired of his situation, where he came from, when he entered the prison, and whether he was comfortable. The Major then told the convict what he had heard concerning the necessity of checking his iron and revengeful conduct by the lash—how he had been informed that there was no other method of keeping him in awe. "Now," said the Major, "I do not believe this. I believe that you can and will obey the rules of the prison, without incurring severe whipping. I am placed over this prison, to keep you at work, and prevent you from escaping—to see that the punishment contemplated by the laws for crime, is executed. But I also wish to be your friend—to make you just as comfortable as your situation will permit. In return, I expect that you will be a friend to me, by obeying the rules of the prison, and by per-

forming your duty." All this, and much more, spoken in kind tone and manner, softened the feelings of the convict, so that he was soon in a perfect gush of tears. Nor was this all: from that day forward, it was not necessary to strike him a blow, for there was not a more faithful convict in the prison.

In all these instances, we perceive the triumph of benevolence united with firmness. And we find it softening the indurated heart, melting feelings hardened into iron by crime, making the bold offender bow in gushing tears of sorrow, and sending better thoughts to the soul long steeped in iniquity. How touchingly the following incident adds proof to this position. Previous to the destruction of the Walnut street Prison, and before the convicts were removed to Moyamensing, the Editor* of the United States Gazette was permitted to visit it, which he did in 1835. The extract which we give, is taken from the account of his visit.

"Beneath the eastern wing, projecting into the yard of the prison, is a long arched passage, dimly lighted with one or two lamps fastened to the masonry of the wall. Doorways at the side of this long subterranean chamber, opened into

*Mr. Joseph R. Chandler—a gentleman who, if we may judge from many of his articles, possesses as warm and philanthropic feelings, as his talents are evidently of a high order.

dark arched cells, where no ray of light but by the door could find entrance, and where all that is imagined of the solitary and subterranean dungeon-holes of feudal castles might be fully realized. Strong, massy chains were fastened to the floor, and the grating, and the thick iron-studded doors, now thrown down, showed that an attempt at escape must have been futile. No prisoner has occupied these horrible abodes for nearly forty years. The last prisoner had been thrust in for some crime out of the usual course, his situation not made known to the keeper, and he perished miserably, without being able to make his voice heard. What must have been the sensations of the poor wretch, thus to feel life passing away in the horrors of famine and darkness !! The upper rooms on Walnut street are, we believe, chiefly used for the sick, and so also with one or two in the rear. Beyond these, in the upper story, is a series of cells, wherein are confined several prisoners for crimes of various degrees of atrocity. We passed to this place over a kind of bridge, and it seemed to us a 'bridge of sighs ;' heavy chains rattled at the doors of the corridors that passed between the range of cells, and numerous heavy bars were removed, and strong locks turned, before the iron doors rolled heavy upon their reluctant hinges. We could see, through the gratings,

the miserable prisoner stretched out upon the floor of his narrow abode, little curious to ascertain what had caused the disturbance, certain that it could not reach through the iron of his dungeon, or suspend the steady, galling operation of the deep and just vengeance of the law.*

" We paused at the grating of a cell, and the gentleman who accompanied us, spoke to the inmate. The voice was that of kindness, and it was evident that the prisoner was used to that tone from the keeper. He stepped forward from the dark rear of the cell, and placed himself against the grated door. Ten long years had been passed in durance by this offender against our laws, and a strong iron frame, that had stood up against war and the elements, was yielding as a consequence of inaction. A strong light from an open grate in the passage where we stood, fell on the pallid features of the prisoner, and placed him in bold relief in the dark ground of his unlit cell.

" The multitude in the yard and the workshops were busy ; they seemed little different

" 'Vengeance' ? Are our laws indeed *vengeful* ? We fear they are—yes, even *revengeful* in some cases. Oh, Judge of all the earth, may they soon become as thou requirest us to be—*as Thou art*—benevolent, forgiving, kind—remembering mercy amid chastisement, and seeking the reformation of the offender in all punishments!"—*Rev. A. B. Crosh, of the Magazine and Advocate, Utica.*

from the inmates of an almshouse ; their number and movements prevented reflection ; but here was food for thought. Hope had almost ceased with the man. Sixteen years of his sentence were yet unexpired, and there was scarcely a ground to expect that he would survive that period in confinement. With this world thus receding, we questioned him of his hopes of that towards which he was hastening. His mind was clouded ; there was a lack of early favorable impressions, and he seemed to share in the common feelings of convicts, that his crime had not been more than that of men who had escaped with less punishment, and when we asked him of his sense of guilt towards Him who was yet to be his judge, the poor man confessed his offences, but so mingled that confession with comparisons of crime, that we feared he saw darkly the path of duty ; there was no complaint ; much humility, much sense of degradation distinguished his speech, and a deep sense of gratitude towards the keeper who accompanied us, was manifest in his manner and language.

“ Having answered the questions which he put to us on important subjects, with what little ability we had, and added the advice which mankind are more ready to give than to follow, we prepared to depart ; a slight flush came to

the cheek of the prisoner, as he pressed his forehead against the bars of his cell, and his hand, which long absence from labor and from light had blanched to the lustre of infancy, was thrust through the aperture, not boldly to seize ours, not meanly to solicit, but rather as if in the hope that accident might favor him with a contact. Man, leprous with crime, is human—and a warm touch of *pity* passes with electric swiftness to the heart. Tears from that fountain that had long been deemed dried up, fell fast and heavy upon the dungeon floor.

“ The keeper had moved away from the grate, and we were about to follow, when the prisoner said, in a low voice,

“ ‘ One word more, if you please. You seem to understand these things. Do the spirits of the departed ever come back to witness the actions and situation of the living ? ’

“ ‘ Many people believe it,’ we replied, ‘ and the Scripture says that there is ‘ joy in heaven over a sinner that repenteth ’ on earth. It may, therefore, be true.’

“ ‘ It may be,’ said the man. ‘ My poor, poor mother !! ’ ”

That fearful imprisonment could not touch him—but when the thought came rushing into his mind, that his mother witnessed his situ-

tion, his degradation, imprisonment, and sufferings; his heart felt its power, and he bowed before the shrine of that mother's memory, who had watched over him in infancy, and with paternal fondness sought many methods to secure his happiness and welfare. But, though fact might be piled upon fact, yet it could not be rendered more demonstrably true, that the law "overcome evil with good," is the only correct principle upon which to found all prison discipline intended to cure offenders, and render them useful members of society. Still, notwithstanding Christianity, notwithstanding experience and humanity, very many of even American prisons carry out their internal regulations solely through fear of the whip. And if a prisoner infringes a law governing his actions while in confinement, his person is seared with the bloody marks of the lash, every stroke of which, not only inflicts pain upon his body, but strikes degradation and infamy deeper into the soul, until the last hope of reformation is extinguished. Oh, with all our boasted light and civilization, in many things we grope in darkness which belongs to the thirteenth, rather than to the nineteenth century. For we give up the holy, governing power which Christianity puts into our hands, and consent to use a barbarism

which is characteristic of an age of ignorance and cruelty.

There is an important reason why criminals should be treated with kindness while suffering the penalty of our offended laws, which is not often considered. The great majority of criminals are very ignorant, and consequently have comparatively feeble moral conceptions. There are multitudes of persons who, from infancy, are placed in circumstances beyond their control, and who are in continual contact with crime, that commit sin under the influence of an infatuated ignorance, and are degraded because they never had means of emerging from the moral darkness in which fate had thrown them. As evidenced of this position, let it be remembered, that though 1512 prisoners were confined in the New York State Prisons, at Auburn and Sing Sing, in the year 1834, yet of that number, only nineteen had received a *superior education*. And among the 20,964 committed or held to bail in England and Wales for the year 1836, only 198 had received a *superior education*. A large majority could neither read nor write, and nearly all the rest were very imperfectly educated. In the Report of the British and Foreign School Society, for 1831, we are informed that out of nearly 700 prisoners put on trial in four counties, upwards of *two hundred and sixty*

were as ignorant as the savages of the desert—they could not read a single letter. Of the whole 700, only 150 could write, or even read with ease; and nearly the whole number were totally ignorant with regard to the nature and obligations of true religion. In the reports of the society, for 1832-3, it is affirmed, "in September, 1831, out of fifty prisoners put on trial, at Bedford, only four could read. In January, 1833, there were in the same prison, between fifty and sixty awaiting their trials, of whom not more than ten could read, and even some of these could not make out the sense of a sentence, though they knew their letters. At Wisbeach, in the Isle of Ely, out of nineteen prisoners put on trial, only six were able to read and write, and the capital offences were committed by persons in a state of the most debasing ignorance."¹⁰ When a jailer was describing his prisoners to Leigh Hunt, he termed them, "*poor ignorant creatures.*" This phrase will describe almost every person convicted of crime—for it is undoubtedly true, that the vast majority of those who fall into crime, are chained by the most hopeless ignorance to their degraded lot in life. Now, if these persons had been kindly cherished in infancy, and had received a good education, perchance among their

¹⁰ *Dick's Mental Illumination*, p. 332.

number might have been found the statesman, the philosopher, the patriot, the philanthropist, and the Christian, while all might have been useful members of community. But, by neglect in youth, by ignorance, by constant companionship with all the vices of low life, and oftentimes by the pressure of circumstances, multitudes become criminals. Such men are truly unfortunate, and they should be governed by kindness, and an exertion made to exalt their minds, until they can rise above sin, and disdain its chains. And it is my thorough conviction, sustained negatively by every instance of cruelty, and affirmatively by every instance of kindness, that the inmates of all prisons should be fully and constantly governed, in a most enlarged and pure spirit of the divine law, "OVERCOME EVIL WITH GOOD."

CHAPTER VII.

KINDNESS AND IGNORANCE.

"God loves from whole to parts; but human soul
Must rise from individual to the whole.
Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake
As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake;
The centre mov'd, a circle strait succeeds;
Another still, and still another spreads;
Friend, parent, neighbor, first it will embrace;
His country next—and next all human race:
Wide and more wide, th' overflowings of the mind
Take every creature in, of every kind:
Earth smiles around, with boundless bounty blest
And heaven beholds its image in his breast."

POPE'S ESSAY ON MAN.

We may take a step still lower in life, and with safety affirm, that the law of kindness will produce the most powerful and enduring obedience from the enslaved son of Africa, towards the master who governs him. Though the Africans have been degraded for ages, and bound down in ignorance, so much so, that many persons have imbibed the erroneous notion, that they are incapable of attaining much advance in

knowledge, even after a constant training of successive generations, yet surround them with kindness, and touch their feelings with love, and those feelings will as readily respond to its influence, as the string of the harp will respond to the touch of the finger. The affecting instance which occurred on board the ill-fated steamboat Pulaski, where a slave, regardless of himself, was observed making attempts to preserve the life of his young master—this, together with many others which might be adduced, prove that kindness and humanity will touch the heart of the slave, and bind him more firmly to his master, than all the terror with which he can be surrounded. Miss Martineau, in her work entitled "Society in America," observes :

"Where servants are treated upon a principle of justice and kindness, they live on agreeable terms with their employers, often for many years. But even slaves may be made more useful as well as more agreeable companions, when treated in such a way as to call forth their better feelings. 'A kind-hearted gentleman in the South, finding that the laws of the State precluded his teaching his legacy of slaves according to the usual methods of education, bethought himself at length of the moral training of task-work. It succeeded admirably. His slaves

soon began to work as slaves are never, under any other arrangement seen to work. Their day's task was finished by eleven o'clock. Next they began to help one another: the strong began to help the weak: first, husband's helped their wives: then parents helped their children; and at length the young began to help the old. Here was seen the awaking of natural affections which had lain in a dark sleep.'

"A highly satisfactory experiment upon the will, judgment, and talents of a large body of slaves, was made, a few years ago, by a relative of Chief Justice Marshall. This gentleman and his lady had attached their negroes to them by a long course of *judicious kindness*. At length an estate at some distance, was left to the gentleman, and he saw, with much regret, that it was his duty to leave the plantation on which he was living. He could not bear the idea of turning over his people to the tender mercies or unproved judgment of a strange overseer. He called his negroes together, and told them the case, and asked whether they thought they could manage the estate themselves. If they were willing to undertake the task, they must choose an overseer from among themselves, provide comfortably for their own wants, and remit him the surplus of the profits. The negroes were full of grief at losing the family, but

willing to try what they could do. They had an election for overseer, and chose the man their master would have pointed out—decidedly the strongest head on the estate. All being arranged, the master left them, with a parting charge to keep their festivals and take their appointed holidays, as if he were present. After some time, he rode over to see how all went on, choosing a festival day, that he might meet them in their holiday gaiety. He was surprised, on approaching to hear no merriment; and on entering the fields, he found his 'force' all hard at work. As they flocked around him, he inquired why they were not making holiday. They told him that the crop would suffer in its present state, by the loss of a day; and that they had therefore put off their holiday, which, however, they meant to take by and bye. Not many days after, an express arrived to inform the proprietor that there was an insurrection on his estate. He would not believe it; declared it impossible, as there was nobody to rise against; but the messenger, who had been sent by the neighboring gentlemen, was so confident of the facts, that the master galloped, with the utmost speed, to his plantation, arriving as night was coming on. As he rode in, a cry of joy arose from his negroes, who pressed round to shake hands with him. They were in their ho-

liday clothes, and had been singing and dancing; they were only enjoying the deferred festival. The neighbors hearing the noise on a quiet working-day, had jumped to the conclusion that it was an insurrection.

“There is no catastrophe yet to this story. When the proprietor related it, he said that no trouble had arisen; and that for some seasons, ever since this estate had been wholly in the hands of his negroes, it had been more productive than it ever was while he managed it himself.”

We are in the habit of supposing that Africa is the most degraded and ignorant country on the surface of the globe—and probably it is; but there is an existing case which stands in the history of that unfortunate land like a glimmering of heaven, and excellently exhibits the power of the law, “overcome evil with good.” While Richard Lander was conducting an expedition in Africa, in 1830, for the purpose of discovering the termination of the Niger, he speaks of a people scattered all over that country, called Felatahs. A community of them reside in the town of Acba—and unlike the rest of the Felatahs, are very quiet, take no part in war, are unambitious to gain territory, and carefully avoid all the quarrels of their neighbors. The consequence is, that they are highly

respected and esteemed by all around them, while they remain entirely unmolested by the most warlike and contentious of the benighted African people. And if kindness produces such admirable results among the long debased and despised sons and daughters of Africa, what may it not be expected to do among a more enlightened and Christianized people?

Every reader of African discovery, will remember the touching incident of kindness which so strongly cheered Mungo Park, in an hour of gloom and starvation. It occurred while he was on his first journey of exploration in Africa. At Sego, the capital of Bambarra, he was ordered to a small village to pass the night, not having been permitted to enter the city. He was repulsed with great coldness, and no provisions having been furnished him, he was without hope of obtaining any, as every house was shut against him. While he was preparing to pass the night in a tree, an old woman coming from the field, compassionated his condition and took him to her hut, where she procured and prepared a fish for his supper. Her maidens, warmed by genuine tenderness, cheered their labors by a song, which Park soon found referred to himself. The strain, though in perfect simplicity, must have filled him with deep emotion.—“The winds roared and the rains fell.

The poor white man, faint and weary, came and sat under our tree. He has no mother to bring him milk, no wife to grind his corn." *Chorus*— "Let us pity the white man, no mother has he." This instance of pure kindness, adds proof to the touching testimony which the traveller, Ledyard, bears to the tenderness of women to the afflicted. "I have observed," he says, "that women in all countries are civil, tender, obliging, and humane. I never addressed myself to them, in the language of decency and friendship, without receiving a decent and friendly answer. With men it has often been otherwise. In wandering over the barren plains of inhospitable Denmark; through honest Sweden and frozen Lapland; rude and churlish Finland; unprincipled Russia, and the wide-spread regions of the wandering Tartar; if hungry, dry, cold, wet, or sick, the women have ever been friendly to me, and uniformly so: and to add to this virtue, (so worthy the appellation of benevolence,) these actions have been performed in so free and kind a manner, that if I was dry, I drank the sweetest draught—and if hungry, ate the coarsest morsel with a double relish."

To these instances, the many facts which occurred during the revolution in St. Domingo, could be added, to give power to these illustrations. But the facts are too numerous to be

quoted here ; the principle developed in them, will answer my purpose. It is this—that slaves, however degraded, are susceptible of kindness, and rarely ever forget it, as was evinced in those cases in which slaves who had kind masters and mistresses, used their exertions to save them from destruction, when nought but blood and ruin reigned ; and in many instances succeeded in their object. Thus touchingly demonstrating, that if the corn of charity be cast even upon the soil of ignorant human nature, it will return to its sower a great reward after many days.

There is an instance, however, of the effect of kindness upon a manumitted slave, which is so much to my purpose, that I must refer to it. Joseph Rachel lived in Barbadoes, and after his emancipation kept a retail shop, in which his fairness and gentleness insured him much custom. And his generous nature won him favors from some of the best people, which they would not frequently grant to their own color. In the great fire which happened in 1756, and which burned up a large share of the town, Joseph and his property escaped. His kindness was manifested by assisting his neighbors. Among the rest who suffered, was an individual from whom Joseph had, in early life, received many favors. This individual was ruined by the fire,

for his property, being invested in houses, was swept away. Joseph commiserating the condition of his former benefactor, determined to show his gratitude by assisting him. "Joseph had his bond for sixty pounds sterling. 'Unfortunate man !' said he, 'this debt shall never come against thee. I sincerely wish thou couldst settle all thy affairs as easily ! May not the love of gain, especially when, by length of time, thy misfortune shall become familiar to me, return with too strong a current, and bear down my fellow-feeling before it ? But for this I have a remedy. Never shalt thou apply for the assistance of any friend against my avarice.'

"He arose, ordered a large account that the man had with him, to be drawn out ; and in a whim that might have called up a smile on the face of charity, filled his pipe, sat down again, twisted the bond, and lighted his pipe with it. While the account was drawing out, he continued smoking, in a state of mind that a monarch might envy. When it was finished, he went in search of his friend, with the discharged account, and the mutilated bond in his hand. On meeting him, he presented the papers to him with this address : "Sir, I am sensibly affected with your misfortunes ; the obligations I have received from your family, give me a relation to every part of it. I know that your inability to

pay what you owe, gives you more uneasiness than the loss of your own substance. That you may not be anxious on my account in particular, accept of this discharge and the remains of your board. I am overpaid in the satisfaction that I feel from having done my duty. I beg you to consider this only as a token of the happiness you will confer on me, whenever you put it in my power to do you a good office.' "

With these facts before us, it is evident that the *power* to appreciate kindness, exists in every class of human life, and will always wake into activity, when kindness rouses it. I know that this power is, in multitudes, buried deep in ignorance and cruelty. But, like the diamond from the mountain, it needs only the burnisher of intelligent affection, to make it shine in all that native divinity whose eloquence proves that God pronounced man GOOD. But to make the fact still more demonstrative, this chapter will be closed with an instance, from whose teaching there is no escape.

No nation on the face of the earth, cherishes such bitter prejudice and proud contempt for other people, as the Chinese; whose self-styled "celestial" inhabitants look with most inveterate dislike upon "barbarians," as they designate foreigners. And so thoroughly are they indoctrinated into this prejudice and contempt, that

their pride causes them to reject almost every effort which civilized people have made to give them information in religious and scientific truth. While so carefully have they wrapped themselves up in that secrecy by which they have almost entirely prevented the hated "barbarians" from examining their institutions, that their empire is very nearly a sealed book to us. But there is one power which, to a certain extent, has melted their iron prejudice, scattered their pride, and warmed their hearts with gratitude even to a "barbarian." That power is KINDNESS; and its operations are manifested in the instance now to be described.

In 1835, Mr. Parker, an American missionary, founded an ophthalmic hospital in Canton—or rather, the intention was to devote it entirely to the treatment of eye diseases; but as other diseases presented themselves, many of the patients were received. The principle upon which the hospital is established, is *kindness*—to heal the afflicted without expense to them; for Dr. Parker never received a fee, and when a present is made, it is put into the funds of the hospital. At first, applications for admittance were confined to the lower orders of people; but as the fame of the establishment gradually spread abroad, and the benevolence of its head was made known, the higher orders began to

furnish patients from their ranks. And when Mr. Downing visited Dr. Parker, in 1836 and 7, he ascertained that more than two thousand persons had been under treatment, most of whom had received help. Such conduct as this, is rapidly melting the prejudices of the Chinese—their respect is becoming excited; while those who have been restored to health, are warmly attached to their benefactor. And if the hospital should continue, there can be no doubt but that by it a door will be opened into China, through which Christian truth and the improvements of science may be introduced among that people. And it would seem, from the success of kindness in this case, and the non-success of different experiments of another character, that the Chinese can be reached only through the law of love; for even their iron stubbornness and pride can not resist the fire of affection and goodness.

One instance of the lively gratitude of a Chinese to Dr. Parker, for his great kindness, I can not forbear mentioning. It is the case of a "private secretary to an officer of government," whose name is Masre-yay, and who had been made blind for many years, by the disorder termed cataract. An operation was performed upon his eyes by Dr. Parker, with such complete success, that he was perfectly restored to

sight. In the enthusiasm of his gratitude, he desired that he might have the Doctor's portrait, that he might "bow down before it every day." This was of course refused. He then, among other things, sent the present of a gilded fan, on which was inscribed a short biography of Dr. Parker, and a poem strongly expressive of his own grateful feelings. This poem was translated, and appeared in the Chinese Repository—a few verses of which we give. On hearing of Dr. Parker, he says:—

"I quick went forth; this man I sought—this generous doctor found;
He gained my heart; he's good and kind; and high above the ground,
He gave a room, to which he came at morn, at eve, at night;
Words would be vain, if I should try his kindness to recite."

After describing the operation, and the joy of his soul on first beholding his friends, he says:

"With grateful heart and heaving breast—with feelings flowing o'er,
I cried, 'Oh, lead me quick to him who can the sight restore!'
I tried to kneel; but he forbade, and forcing me to rise,
To mortal man bend not the knee;' then pointing to the skies:

"I am,' said he, 'the workman's tool—another's is the hand;
Before His might, and in his sight, men feeble, helpless stand;
Go, virtue learn to cultivate, and never thou forget,
That for some work of future good, thy life is spared thee yet.'

"The token of my thanks he refused, and would not take
Silver or gold—they seemed as dust; 'tis but for virtue's sake

His works are done. His skill divine I ever shall adore,
Nor lose remembrance of his name till life's last day is o'er."**

Such were the expressions of gratitude drawn from a Chinese, by the kindness of Dr. Parker. And who shall venture to predict what glorious changes might not be wrought in China, if a systematic course of kindness was pursued in regard to its people. Perchance such conduct might be as efficient as sunshine and showers upon seed in the earth. At all events, it would be more Christ-like than to slaughter the Chinese, because their emperor desires to save his subjects from intoxication by opium.

"See Penny Magazine, for 1832, p. 262.

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CHAPTER VIII.

KINDNESS ADMIRE~~D~~ BY ALL PEOPLE.

“There is a golden chord of sympathy
Fixed in the harp of every human soul,
Which, by the breath of kindness, when 'tis swept,
Wakes angel-melodies in savage hearts;
Inflicts sore chastisements for treasured wrong,
And melts the ice of hate to streams of love:
Nor aught but *kindness* that fine chord can touch.”

D. K. LEE.

In all the instances which have been adduced, the law of kindness has won for itself most noble triumphs, proving that there is a majesty and power in it, which overcomes all obstacles, and like fire upon an iron mass, softens the hard heart, takes the wrinkles of revenge from the face of the soul, and throws broadly over it the cheerful smile of friendship. And we have no doubt that the secret of its power is, that man, notwithstanding his degradation, his wars and vices, possesses principles at the very foundation of his nature, which are as certainly influenced by a proper exhibition of kindness, as the needle of the compass is influenced by magnet-

ism. There is *good* in man; and the instances are multitudinous which demonstrate the existence of that good. Take man in any situation, whether civilized or uncivilized, saint or sinner, exalted or degraded, surrounded by all the blessings of knowledge and comfort, or crushed in oppression, yet there is a chord in every soul, which, when swept by the finger of kindness, will vibrate with the music of holier and better feelings. A foreman in the New York State Prison, in Auburn, informed me that he has known a dozen convicts at once affected to a perfect gush of tears by the mere sight of his little son, when he has taken him into the workshop. By seeing that boy, perchance recollection brought vividly to view what they once were in the days of their childhood—or their thoughts stole away to children of their own, whose society they had forfeited by crime, and who were thereby left without a father to guide and instruct them. The sleeping affection of their minds was aroused by that child, and in their falling tears of sorrow, was manifested the truth, that man, though hardened by crime, never entirely loses the divinity of good within him. In 1828, a paint shop in the Auburn Prison, took fire in the night. The shop was so nigh to the north wing, in which there were over five hundred convicts confined, that the nu-

merous villagers who rushed into the prison yard at the cry of fire, were highly excited with fear lest the prisoners should be burned. In the intensity of the excitement, the cry ran through the throng, "*let out the prisoners—LET OUT THE PRISONERS.*" This was the voice of kindness, the call of humanity, developed in every soul by the great danger of their fellow-beings, for whom, though criminals, they had warm sympathy. And after the prisoners had been liberated, it gave the most lively satisfaction to every person—the danger was passed, the convicts were safe, and each one could breathe in freedom. This is only another proof that there is good in man, which, though it may rest in slumber, only needs the proper stimulus to develope it.

Even in the lowest grades of intelligent life, this good may be discovered. An illustration of this position occurred during the life of Matthews, the comedian.

"Matthews had a great dislike to carry money about with him, and this often exposed him to trifling annoyances. On one occasion, when in Wales, on arriving at Briton Ferry, on horse-back, having ridden on in advance of his friends, he was obliged to wait their arrival, not having a shilling to pay the ferryman. Just at this moment an Irish beggar, in the most miserable

plight, came up, and poured forth all that lamentable cant of alleged destitution which it is their vocation to impress upon the *tinder-hearted*, and which seldom fails to draw forth sparks of compassion. My husband, however, assured the applicant that he had not even a farthing to offer him. It was in vain ; the wretched almost naked creature importuned him. At last he was told by him he supplicated, with some impatience at the tiresome and senseless perseverance after this explanation, that so far from being able to bestow alms, he was himself at that moment in a situation to require assistance ; actually, cold and damp as it was, (November,) compelled to remain at the water's edge till some friend came up who would frank him across the ferry. The man's quick, bright eye surveyed the speaker with some doubt for a second ; but upon a reiteration of Mr. Matthew's assurance that he was detained against his will for want of a shilling, adding, that he was lame and unable to walk home from the other side of the ferry, or otherwise he might leave his horse behind as security—the beggar's face brightened up, and he exclaimed, 'Then, your honor, I'll lend you the money !' 'What, you ! you who have been telling me of your poverty and misery for want of money ?' 'It's all true,' eagerly interrupted the man ; 'it's all true ; I'm

as poor as I said I was—there's no lie in it. I'm begging my way back to my country, where I've friends; and there's a vessel ready, I'm tould, that sails from Swansea to-night. I've got some money, but I want more to pay my passage before I go, and I'm starving myself for that raison; but is it for me to see another worse off than myself, and deny him relafe ? Your honor's lame; now I've got my legs any how, and that's a comfort sure !' Then taking a dirty rag out of his pocket, and showing about two shillings' worth of coppers, he counted out twelve pence, and proffered them to Mr. Matthews, who, willing to put the man's sincerity of intention to the proof, held out his hand for the money, at the same time inquiring, ' How, if I borrow this, shall I be able to return it ? My house is several miles on the other side of the ferry, and you say you are in haste to proceed. I shall not be able to send a messenger back here for several hours, and you will then have sailed.' ' Oh, thin, may be, when your honor meets another of my poor distrist countrymen, you'll pay him the twelve pence; sure it's the same in the end.' Mr. Matthews was affected at the poor fellow's evident sincerity; but desirous to put the matter to the fullest test, he thanked his ragged benefactor, and wished him a safe journey back to his country.

" The man took his leave with ' Long life to your honor,' trudged off, and was soon out of sight. Matthews waited until his friends arrived, then rode after and repaid the borrowed money with interest ; but it was only on producing good evidence of his prosperous condition, that the poor fellow could be prevailed on to take it."*

The existence of the *love* of kindness in the soul, is nobly exhibited in an Arab tale, the substance of which I obtained from De Lamartine's translation of a Residence among the Arabs of the Great Desert. In the tribe of Nedgde, there was a mare of great reputation for beauty and swiftness, which a member of another tribe, named Daher, vehemently desired to possess. Having failed to obtain her by offering all he was worth, he proceeded to effect his object by stratagem. He disguised himself like a lame beggar, and waited by the side of a road, knowing that Nabee, the owner of the mare, would soon pass. As soon as Nabee appeared, Daher cried in a feeble voice, "I am a poor stranger ; for three days I have been unable to stir from this to get food : help me, and God will reward you." Nabee offered to carry him home ; but Daher said, "I am not able to rise ; I have not strength." Nabee then generously dismounted,

brought his mare near, and helped the beggar to mount her. The moment he was mounted, Daher touched her with his heel and started, saying, "It is I, Daher, who have got her, and am carrying her off." Nabee called upon him to stop, which Daher did. Nabee then said, "Thou hast my mare; since it pleases God, I wish thee success; but I conjure thee, tell no one how thou hast obtained her." "Why not?" said Daher. "*Because some one really ill might remain without aid: you would be the cause why no one would perform an act of charity more, from the fear of being duped as I have been.*" This discriminating kindness subdued Daher—he immediately dismounted and returned the mare to Nabee, and when they parted, they parted sworn friends. This tale shows forth the power of kindness in a beautiful manner—and the delight with which the Arabs heard it told, proves that they can appreciate true generosity.

These facts prove the existence of good in man, and that it never is fully destroyed in the soul; and the great Master of life, who knows all hearts, when he directed the Messiah to say, "love your enemies," knew the existence of that *good*—that it was a diamond hidden beneath revengeful feelings; a spring beneath the surface of the earth; and that it only wanted the burnisher of truth to make the diamond shine,

and the power of divine Benevolence to cause the spring-water of love to gush in its fulness from the heart. The Lord of all wisdom would not have placed the principle of overcoming evil with good, on the foremost page of Christianity, if that principle was not calculated to result in the thorough destruction of any moral evil it may be brought to oppose. In fact, let a signal act of revenge, a cold, unfeeling instance of retaliation, be known in our communities, and it excites horror, and even the deepest tones of indignation. On the contrary, let a broad act of benevolence, a noble and dignified instance of the forgiveness of enemies be exhibited, and it is at once admired and commended in the warmest terms. So true it is, that the human heart dislikes the principle, "hate your enemies," and approves the practice of the law, "love your enemies." Do not our souls fill with disapprobation, when we discover an individual raging in all the turbulence of anger, simply to gratify his revenge ? And when we behold an individual, so far subduing his passions as to assist a starving foe, do not our minds swell with admiration, and do we not realize with double force the power of the precept, "Therefore if thine enemy hunger, feed him ; if he thirst, give him drink ; for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head ?"

A few striking instances in the history of a single individual, Napoleon Bonaparte, will be adduced to illustrate the position just advanced, viz., that men hate cruel actions and admire kind actions in others. Who, for instance, approves his treatment of Toussaint L'Ouverture? Toussaint was a pure African, and one of the leaders under whom the negroes arrayed themselves, after the whites had been expelled from the Island of St. Domingo. By his skill and political sagacity, he obtained the highest authority over the blacks. But in 1802, he was compelled to submit to the army sent to St. Domingo, by Bonaparte, under General Leclerc. The French, however, had not long regained possession of the colony, before Toussaint was accused, on the most trivial grounds, of encouraging a conspiracy, and with his family was conveyed to France. Nothing certain is known of the exact mode of his death—though it has been ascertained that he was confined in a cold, dark dungeon, full of damps and chills, where the unhappy man must have soon met death in his living grave, if indeed poison was not put in requisition.* This conduct of Napoleon to the talented Toussaint, excited the indignation of the whole civilized world, and stands among

*Scott's Life of Napoleon, Phil. Ed., p. 284.

the worst acts of the "child of destiny"—it is execrated by every individual who becomes acquainted with it. It gave inspiration to the pitying soul of Wordsworth, when he said—

' **TOUSSAINT!** the most unhappy man of men :—
 Whether the all-cheering sun be free to shed
 His beams around thee, or thou rest thy head
 Pillowed in some dark dungeon's noisome den—
 O miserable chieftain ! where and when
 Wilt thou find patience ?—Yet die not ; do thou
 Wear rather in thy bonds a cheerful brow ;
 Though fallen thyself, never to rise again,
 Live and take comfort. Thou hast left behind,
 Powers that will work for thee—Air, Earth, and Skies :
 There's not a breathing of the common wind
 That will forget thee ; thou hast great allies :
 Thy friends are Exultation, Agonies,
 And Love, and Man's unconquerable mind."

Nor was this cruelty to Toussaint without its legitimate results. For the negroes, exasperated at the treachery used towards their chieftain, attacked the French in every direction. And they carried on the war with a cruelty which makes the blood run cold, and shocks even revenge itself.

But if this act of Bonaparte to Toussaint is execrated, another act of his, under different circumstances, excites the admiration of the heart. After the battle of Jena, in October, 1806, in which the army and power of Prussia were so completely annihilated by the French,

Napoleon obtained possession of a letter written by Prince Hatzfield, who, before its capture, was Governor of Berlin, in which he communicated to Prince Hohenloe some of the motions of the French army. Napoleon appointed a military commission to try him, and it was evident that his fate would be severe. Madame Hatzfield, not knowing that any charge had been preferred against her husband, threw herself at the feet of Napoleon, and demanded justice for him. The result of this interview is given in a letter addressed by Napoleon to the Empress Josephine; out of which the following is an extract. "But at least thou wilt see I have been very good to one, who showed herself a feeling, amiable woman—Madame Hatzfield. When I showed her her husband's letter, she replied to me, weeping bitterly, with heartfelt sensibility and *naivete*: '*Alas! it is but too surely his writing.*' When she read it, her accent went to my soul—her situation distressed me. I said, 'Well, then, Madame, throw that letter into the fire; I shall then no longer possess the means of punishing your husband.' She burnt the letter and was happy. Her husband is restored to tranquillity. Two hours later, and he would have been a lost man."* In this instance we behold the exercise of kindness. And who

*Scott's Life of Napoleon, Phil. Ed. of 1839, p. 336.

does not admire it ? and at once discover that it excites admiration for Napoleon, and serves to soften the judgment which posterity heaps upon his memory for his cruel treatment of Toussaint?

Not these instances only, but all others which are applicable to the subject, prove the fact that the world hates cruel actions and loves generous deeds. Nor is it less true that the exhibition of such high-souled and kind conduct, is the surest mode of overcoming enmity and repressing revengeful passions. There could not be a better illustration of this truth, than the common but expressive fable of the Wind and Sun. They were disputing, so runs the fable, one day, which possessed the most power. Unable to decide the question, they agreed to test it by seeing which could the most quickly divest a certain traveller of his cloak. The wind made the first trial. He called up his clouds and sent his cool airs abroad. The traveller, feeling chilly, brought his cloak more closely around him. The wind then drenched the traveller with rain, pelted him with hail, covered him with snow, and pinched him with cold ; but though almost perishing, the traveller yielded not his cloak, but wrapped it more firmly about his body. So the wind gave up in despair. Then came the sun. He scattered the clouds by his glorious beams, and warmed the benumbed

limbs of the traveller with his cheering influence. Gently and gradually he increased his rays, until the grasp of the traveller upon his cloak was loosed. The sun still added to his power and advanced his brilliancy, until the cloak was thrown off, and the traveller sat down upon it, panting with heat. So retaliation may try all its forces to disarm human passion of revenge—but it will fail. But let the sun of love fall upon it, and it will be melted into contrition and sorrow.

In closing this department of the subject, let it be observed that one of the most ennobling characteristics of the law of kindness, is its universality. It is not circumscribed in its application—it is not confined to a few people—nor is its exercise favorable to a part and injurious to the rest. Like the dews of heaven, the roaming atmosphere, or the flowing light of the sun, it is fitted for all people, and will as readily warm the frozen heart of the Laplander in his eternal ice, with love divine, as it will cool the raging passions of the fevered son of the tropics. Parents amid their children, schoolmasters surrounded by their scholars, the governor, ruler, king, and emperor with their subjects, the overseer with his slaves, the head workman with his laborers, all will find it a power which will procure them more obedience than any

force they can use—obedience more lasting and sincere, from the fact that it springs from affection instead of fear. I know that passion may intervene, and render it difficult to practice the law of kindness; that temper flies and the impulse of revenge says, "*destroy*," but over these we must throw a bridle, and learn to "overcome evil with good." There is not a nobler sight in the moral world, than that of an individual subduing his passions, repressing the desire to revenge, and acting on the principle, "love your enemies." The case of Stephen, though surrounded by his enraged murderers, who hurled the stones of death at him, yet in his magnanimity of purpose, praying that the sin of murder might not be laid to their charge, is infinitely more ennobling than Alexander amid his wealth, or Napoleon in all the pride of military conquest.

CHAPTER IX.

NATIONAL KINDNESS.

True Religion
Is always mild, propitious and humble ;
Plays not the tyrant, plants no faith in blood ;
Nor bears destruction on her chariot-wheels :
But stoops to polish, succor and redress,
And builds her grandeur on the public good."

It is not often remembered that society, as composed of individuals, is frequently actuated by revenge, and that much of the evil which exists in it, may be clearly traced to its neglect of the law of kindness. Society, or a community, or a nation, becomes unkind when it gives no heed to the education of the poor ; when it raises such walls of distinction as to discourage and shut out from notice the humble in life, however worthy and virtuous ; when it makes a god of riches and fashion, to frown upon even the industrious and to set them aside like worthless weeds, because they can not shine in silks and revel in luxury ; when it crushes the feeble person for the least deviation from the path of

rectitude, chasing him or her to desperation with unrelenting severity, while at the same time it will receive with open arms the rich villain into its highest circles ; when its laws are oppressive, cruel, and without a tendency to reform the criminal ; when its legislation becomes encumbered with volumes of useless laws, so enveloping justice with technicalities, and forms, and multiplied modes of procedure, that if justice is obtained, in many cases the costs eat up the proceeds ; when the rich and influential practice such conduct as seduces the poor and lowly into vice ; and when established custom sanctions sin in a variety of its forms, thus leading multitudes on to ruin ; in all these, and in many other things, a nation or a community may be unkind and walk contrary to the Christian law, "overcome evil with good." What is it but the unkindness of community, which suffers an unnatural speculation to raise provisions above the *price of labor*, grinding the laboring classes in poverty and sorrow, and through absolute want, driving many of them to beggary and theft ? What is it but the unkindness of community that takes from multitudes of the poorer people all hope of rising in prosperity, and by condemning them to perpetual drudgery, causes many of them, through mere despair, to become thieves and prostitutes ? What is it but

the unkindness of community that, because an individual female has made one mis-step, she is driven deeper and deeper into the foulest dens of vice, even when exhibiting an earnest repentance and a strong desire to return to virtue ? What is it but the unkindness of community that winks and smiles at the wickedness, vice and dissipation of the rich knave, a known gambler, seducer and oppressor of the weak ; yet on whose arm females will lean in confidence at their parties, and whose money gets him notice, even when an individual in humble life, though rich in virtue and knowledge, will be unnoticed by what are called the great ? Oh, there is so much misery to be traced directly to the customs and fashions of life, that many a poor man may date his ruin at the door of society, by being pressed into vice by the follies, examples and oppression of those who always owe to *the poor a good example*.

I was much impressed with the following extract from Mr. Ainsworth's work entitled "Jack Shepard."* A benevolent individual urged upon a woman cast in the lowest dregs of life, and whose husband had been hung for house-breaking, to give him her infant. She refused ; and

* "A work, by the way, whose general tendency is unquestionably evil, especially upon the minds of youth. Even the good passages in it will not divest it of this tendency."

when she saw that he was angry at her refusal, she said—"Don't be angry with me, Sir," cried the widow, sobbing bitterly, "pray, don't. I know I am undeserving of your bounty; but if I were to tell you what hardships I have undergone—to what frightful extremities I have been reduced—and to what infamy I have submitted, to earn a scanty subsistence for this child's sake—if you could feel what it is to stand alone in the world as I do, bereft of all who ever loved me, and shunned by all who have ever known me, except the worthless and the wretched—if you knew (and Heaven grant that you may be spared the knowledge!) how much affliction sharpens love, and how much more dear to me my child has become for every sacrifice I have made for him—if you were told all this, you would, I am sure, pity rather than reproach me, because I can not at once consent to a separation, which I feel would break my heart."—Many a female, like the one here represented, has been plunged deeper and deeper in infamy, because society has had no smile to win the wanderer from sin, but rather has frowned her away from repentance.

How vividly the following passage portrays some of the ruin caused by the modern arrange-

ments of society.* It is in the same conversation between the same individuals, from which the foregoing extract was taken : " Let me advise you on no account, [said Wood,] to fly to strong waters for consolation, Joan. One nail drives out another, it's true ; but the worst nail

*There are many arrangements in society, which are not only unjust, but are of the most pernicious tendency. Not the least among them, is the unequal distribution of punishment. What is meant by this statement, will be learned, as applied to the particular instance given in the following extract :—

" We read in a New York paper, that Oliver Major was sent to the City Prison for 30 days, for stealing one boot; Cornelius Sullivan, to Blackwell's Island, for three months, for stealing three Guernsey frocks; Joe Thompson, for 60 days, for stealing one ham. We suppose that the first was barefooted, the second barebacked, and the third hungry. In the same paper we read that the Newburyport Bank, in Massachusetts, had failed with about \$100,000 of immediate liabilities, and about \$13,000 of immediate means; that its notes were offered at a discount of 50 per cent. with no buyers; that one poor man, who had been saving money to pay his rent, had \$30 of its notes, for which he could not obtain more than \$6; that another poor and old man had just been paid \$10 in its notes, which was his all; that many widows and orphans were holders of its notes; and that one man connected with it, and who employs many hands, paid them in its notes on the very afternoon before its failure, in sums of from \$3 to \$15, to the amount of \$800. Here are the beauties of the promise banking system ! Theft and robberies by wholesale !

Now if either of these poor men, or of these hands, had stolen one boot or one ham, what an outcry justice would have made, and how promptly she would have sent them to prison ! But when a bank director, who employs many hands, whose daily labor is all their means of daily bread, deliberately swindles them with the notes of a bank which, he well knows, will explode in a few hours through his own management, he is still allowed to strut through society, followed by no curses, excepting from the poor whom he has plundered, and greeted with the adulation of all who found respectability upon wealth."—Phil. Ledger.

you can employ is a coffin nail. Gin Lane's the nearest road to the church-yard."

"It may be; but if it shortens the distance, and lightens the journey, I care not," retorted the widow, who seemed by this reproach to be roused into sudden eloquence. "To those who, like me, have never been able to get out of the dark and dreary paths of life, the grave is indeed a refuge, and the sooner they reach it the better. The spirit I drink may be poison—it may kill me—perhaps it *is* killing me: *but so would hunger, cold, misery*—so would my own thoughts. I should have gone mad without it. Gin is the poor man's friend—*his whole set-off against the rich man's luxury*. It comforts him when he is most forlorn. It may be treacherous, it may lay up a store of future woe; but it insures present happiness, and that is sufficient. When I have traversed the streets a homeless wanderer, driven with curses from every door where I have solicited alms, and with blows from every gateway where I have sought shelter—when I have crept into some deserted building, and stretched my wearied limbs upon a bulk, in the vain hope of repose—or, worse than all, when frenzied with want, I have yielded to horrible temptation, and earned a meal in the only way I could earn one—when I have felt, at times like these, my heart sink within

me, I have drunk of this drink, and I have at once forgotten my cares, my poverty, my guilt. Old thoughts, old feelings, old faces, and old scenes have returned to me, and I have fancied myself happy—as happy as I am now.' And she burst into a wild, hysterical laugh."

" 'Poor creature!' ejaculated Wood. 'Do you call this frantic glee happiness?'"

" 'It's all the happiness I have known for years,' returned the widow, becoming suddenly calm, 'and it's short-lived enough, as you perceive. I tell you what, Mr. Wood,' added she, in a hollow voice and with a ghastly look, '*gin may bring ruin; but as long as poverty, vice, and ill usage exist, it will be drunk.*' "

How many poor creatures, frowned on by the world, driven from all chance of repentance, without one friendly voice to say as the Saviour said, "go, and sin no more," have reasoned as this woman reasoned, and gone to destruction while attempting to drown their guilt and sorrow in the bowl of intoxication. It is in vain to disguise the fact, that the largest share of the squalor and filth, the poverty and intemperance, the prostitution and fraud, which exists in every community, may be fairly charged to the follies, unnatural rules, vicious fashions, and demoralizing examples of society. Think of it and talk of it as we may, it is solemn truth, that most of

the poor and the wretched owe their degradation to that wicked state of society which consigns them to drudgery, and shuts them out from all hope of rising to better things, by making them "hewers of wood and drawers of water." Can any person deem that state of society kind, (thank God, it is passing away !) which sanctioned the laws that tore the poor and honest debtor from his family, to place him in a hopeless imprisonment, where, without the possibility of obtaining means to pay his debt, he was left to rot into his grave with despair, while his wife and children sunk into unpitying poverty, and perhaps to crimes that make the heart creep with horror? Well did an English author represent a poor debtor in Fleet Prison answering a man who spoke to him of friends : "Friends!" interposed the man, in a voice which rattled in his throat ; [he was sick ~~or~~] if I lay dead at the bottom of the deepest mine in the world, tight screwed down and soldered in my coffin, rotting in the dark and filthy ditch that drags its slime along beneath the foundation of this prison, I could not be more forgotten or unheeded than I am here. I am a dead man—dead to society, without the pity they bestow on those whose souls have passed" away. "Friends to see me! My God! I have sunk from the prime of life into old age in this place,

and there is not one to raise his hand above my bed, when I lie dead upon it, and say, 'it is a blessing he is gone.' "

It is incredible to persons entirely unacquainted with the history of the imprisonment of debtors, what cruelties have been practiced, and barbarous indignities have been heaped upon persons whose only crime was *debt*—cruelties and indignities which could not raise money, nor return aught to the creditor or to community, save the miserable reflection that *revenge* was glutted with suffering. Let any person read, the Life of John Howard carefully, and any of the documents relating to the imprisonment of debtors in our own country, and the conviction will not come slowly that the tender mercies which have fallen upon them, are the most unchristian vengeance—dishonorable to the creditor, dishonorable to legislators, and cruel to its victims. I would by no means justify a man in wronging his creditor, by obtaining his property, and deliberately determining to swindle him out of it. Such a man should be punished in all ways that tend to enforce restitution and check the evil in others. But of what utility can it be, to take a debtor, especially one whose misfortunes render him unable to pay, and separate him from his family, whose

very bread depends on his labor, shut him up in prison among criminals, to be contaminated by their vices, there to continue in idleness, without ability to satisfy his creditor, while his wife and children endure the gripings of penury, and perhaps are driven to crime by stern necessity ? No other utility than to compel the payment of the debt with cruelty and suffering.

I shall venture to give but one extract showing what imprisonment for debt has heretofore been, in a particular instance. It is in reference to the Walnut street Prison, in Philadelphia, as it was in 1783. Alas ! of how many prisons it is a fair sample. " In this den of abomination were mingled, in one revolting mass of festering corruption, all the collected elements of contagion : all *ages, colors, and sexes* were forced into one horrid, loathsome community of depravity. Children, committed with their mothers, have first learned to lisp the strange accents of blasphemy and execration. Young, pure, and modest females, *committed for debt*, have learned from the hateful society of abandoned prostitutes, (whose resting-places on the floor they were compelled to share,) the insidious lessons of seduction. The young apprentice, in custody for some venial fault, the tyro in guilt, *the unfortunate debtor*, the untried and sometimes guiltless prisoners, the innocent witnesses, detained

for their evidence in court against those charged with crimes, were associated with the incorrigible felon, the loathsome victim of disease and vice, and the disgusting drunkard, (whose means of intoxication were unblushingly furnished by the jailor!). Idleness, profligacy, and widely diffused contamination, were the inevitable results. The frantic yells of bacchanalian revelry—the horrid execrations and disgusting obscenities from the lips of profligacy—the frequent infliction of the lash—the clanking of fetters—the wild exclamation of the wretch, driven frantic by desperation—the ferocious cries of combatants—the groans of those wounded in the frequent frays, (a common pastime in the prison,) mingled with the unpitied moans of the sick, (lying unattended, and sometimes destitute of clothes and covering,) *the faint but imploring accents for sustenance by the miserable debtor, cut off from all means of self-support, and abandoned to his own resources, or to lingering starvation—* and the continual, though unheeded, complaints of the miserable and destitute, formed the discordant sounds in the *only* public abode of misery in Philadelphia, where the voice of hope, of mercy, of religion, never entered."* And yet, in such a horrible den as this, many a person was thrust, for the crime of *being poor*, of *being*

*See North American Review, for July, 1836.

unable to pay his or her debts ; there, not only to be deprived of the last hope of extrication, but to sink down into blasting vice and helpless want. Philanthropists, the prisoner's friends, have risen up and indignantly rebuked community for its cruelty on this subject ; and the time has come, when an honest man, for a little pittance, which he would soon pay, if let alone, can not be consigned to a prison, to have age prematurely creep upon him, and many long years of confinement to file down and sharpen his bones for the grave. Thank God ! the change has come, sweeping away the cruelty which hung over human legislation, and giving precious liberty to thousands, who otherwise would have become tenants of prisons, burthens to themselves and society, deprived of all pity, support, or consolation.*

"Yet it appears that I am wrong in saying that the evil of imprisonment for debt, has been removed. The Editor of the Knickerbocker, for January, 1841, while acknowledging the receipt of an article on "Imprisonment for Debt," among other remarks, says—"It is not long since a Revolutionary veteran was confined for a long period in Charlestown Jail, for the petty sum, if we remember rightly, of twenty dollars ; and on the Fourth of July, was seen looking from the grated window of his prison at the celebration without ! Nobly has our correspondent, Whittier, with satirical knout, scourged those rulers who permitted such a spectacle on hallowed ground.

"What has this grey-haired prisoner done ?
Has murder stained his hands with gore ?
Not so ; his crime's a fouler one :
God made the old man poor !

One great truth springs from every instance of cruelty practiced by nations, viz., that recklessness of life, and callousness to suffering, ex-

For this he shares a felon's cell—
The fittest earthly type of hell !
For this—the boon for which he poured
His young blood on the invader's sword,
And counted light the fearful cast—
His blood-gained liberty is lost !

“ And so, for such a place of rest,
Old prisoner, poured thy blood as rain
On Concord's field and Bunker's crest,
And Saratoga's plain ?
Look forth, thou man of many scars,
Through thy dim dungeon's iron bars ;
It must be joy, in sooth, to see
Yon monument upreared to thee ;
Piled granite and a prison cell—
The land repays thy service well !

“ But when the patriot cannon jars
That prison's cold and gloomy wall,
And through its grates the stripes and stars
Rise on the wind and fall—
Think ye that prisoner's aged ear
Rejoices in the general cheer ?
Think ye his dim and failing eye
Is kindled at your pageantry ?
Sorrowing of soul and chained of limb,
What is your carnival to him ?

“ Down with the *law* that binds him thus !
Unworthy freemen, let it find
No refuge from the withering curse
Of God and human kind !
Open the prisoner's living tomb,
And usher from its brooding gloom
The victim of your savage code,
To the free sun and air of God !
Nor longer dare as *et*ime to brand
The chastening of the Almighty's hand.”

ist in proportion as the people of a nation are cruel, and that cruelty is sanctioned by the government of the nation. In the same ratio that a nation is conversant with carnage and scenes of destruction, in the same ratio will its members lose their sympathy for the distressed, and become hardened to the cries of afflicted humanity. In this respect, nations are like individuals; who, if in frequent communion with pain or sorrow in others, become gradually to be unaffected by it. It is so with soldiers. A remark made to me by a revolutionary veteran, is characteristic of nearly all other instances. "The first time I was in battle," said he, "I was afraid; I trembled; the sight of the dead, dying, and bleeding, shocked me—but after I had been in a few battles, the groans, blood, and agony of the wounded around me, moved me no more than the most ordinary business of life." As with this soldier, so with other soldiers; and as with soldiers, so with nations. Let a nation have sanguinary laws—in the execution of its laws, let its citizens be familiar with the destruction of life; let them often witness their fellow-beings in the struggles of dissolution; and they will become indurated with suffering; death will cease to excite them. The history of public executions fairly tests this position. The more crimes a nation causes to be

punishable with death, and consequently the greater the number of executions, the less criminals care about that punishment. One fact is alone sufficient to demonstrate this truth. Rev. Mr. Roberts, of Bristol, England, put the inquiry to one hundred and sixty-seven persons, who were under sentence of death at different times, and all of whom he visited, whether *they had ever witnessed a public execution*. The result was, that one hundred and sixty-five of them had been spectators in the crowds gathered on such occasions. The following instance is quoted by Dick,* from the "Schoolmaster in Newgate." "One morning a boy," who appears to have been previously in the habit of pilfering, "came into his father's room, and seeing nothing to eat for breakfast but bread and butter on the table, he said, 'What ! nothing for breakfast ? Ah ! wait a bit.' He then went out, and in a quarter of an hour came back with some steaks and a pint of rum, besides having money in his pocket. He had gone out and stolen a piece of Irish linen from a shop on Ludgate Hill, took it to a buyer of stolen goods, and bought the articles he had brought home, all in the short space of fifteen minutes; and this was not an uncommon thing for him to

*Mental Illumination, p. 336.

do, although his parents were not in need. The boy was at length transported, when he was only fourteen years of age. He subsequently detailed to me all his practices, and how he got into crime. His parents resided in a court running out of the Old Bailey, and *he had witnessed every execution which had taken place during his short career.* So much for the effect of executions, as supposed to deter from crime ;—indeed, *most of the boys engaged in crime, appear to have a great pleasure in attending executions.*" In a story, called the "Lesson of Life," written by Douglass Jerrold, there is a conversation between a monk and a hangman, of Paris, in which the following passage occurs :—" He ! hold you there, Father—*example.* 'Tis a brave example to throttle a man in the public streets : why, I know the faces of my audience as well as Dominique did. I can show you a hundred who never fail at the gallows' foot to come and gather good example. Do you think, most holy father, that the mob of Paris come to a hanging as to a sermon—to amend their lives at a gibbet ? No : many come as they would take an extra dram ! it gives their blood a filip—stirs them for an hour or two ; many to see a fellow-man act a scene which they must one day undergo ; many as to puppets and ballet-singers, at the Point Neuf ; but, for *example,*

why, father, as I am an honest executioner, I have in my day done my office upon twenty, all of whom were constant visitors of years' standing at my morning levees." The principle advanced in this extract, is demonstrated by scores of instances which have occurred in England and America; and which prove beyond a doubt, that the boasted restraints of sanguinary punishments, is fallacious, and that the sight of such executions only hardens those who should always be under good influences.

Did we doubt the fact, that waste of life produces carelessness of it, the horrible scenes of the French Revolution, in which a river of blood was shed, and the vile, the pure, the degraded, the talented, were indiscriminately swept into destruction, would establish it beyond controversy. There is a remarkable instance, however, which is thrillingly interesting, as well as illustrative of my theme.

For centuries there existed in India, a number of communities of robbers and murderers, named Thugs. They journeyed in bands over the country, in all directions, robbing and murdering native travellers, (for they never molested Englishmen, from fear of detection.) Their mode of executing their victims, was, almost universally, by strangling. They never spared a victim, on the principle that "dead

men tell no tales," except it might be a child, saved, to be brought up in their murderous occupation. At various times, tens of thousands of persons were destroyed by the Thugs, who considered it as their occupation. In the sessions of 1836, held at Jubulpoor, two hundred and forty-one prisoners were convicted of the murder of four hundred and seventy-four individuals, nearly all of whose corpses were found. And to this case, multitudes might be added, swelling the instances of murder to an enormous number. The most singular fact in regard to this people is, that they made it a religious duty to murder. They worshipped a goddess, named Bhowanee, to whom they prayed, and besought for success in their excursions. And if a Thug should commit a murder without a favorable omen, such as "lizard chirping, or a crow making a noise on a living tree, on the left side," they believe that he never will be blessed more. But when the omens and rules laid down by their goddess, are observed, they deem it their duty to murder, and to feel no sympathy for their victims. They consider that travellers, when the omens are favorable, are thrown in their way by the deity, to be killed. Murder, then, is their occupation—their children are taught it—and when a son goes out on an expedition for the first time, it is pre-

faced by religious ceremonies, invoking success on his attempt. This horrible organization was principally unveiled by officers under Lord William Bentinck, Governor General of India, who, with his successors to the present time, have almost destroyed the Thugs.* The fact demonstrated in this case, is this: by constantly dealing with murder, individuals become reckless of life and of the sufferings of others; for the Thugs could murder fifty or a hundred persons, with no more emotion than when engaged in an ordinary transaction.

It consequently follows, from the position which is sustained by the instances we have adduced, that the more a nation is engaged in war, the more its people will lose sight of the practice of kindness, and become sanguinary in their tastes. If nations would consider this fact thoroughly, in connection with this simple truth, that most wars grow out of trivial circumstances, and then endeavor to settle difficulties amicably, it appears to me that the eagle of war would have to fold his wings in slumber. Think of it as we may, yet it is truth, that most wars have no better reason for their origin, than the boys spoken of in one of the Lay Sermons of

*For a full account of this singular people, see the Foreign Quarterly Review, for April, 1838—and the History of the Thugs, by Captain W. H. Sleeman, 2 vols.

the Ettrick Shepherd, had for their quarrel. The boys of two different schools met on the ice. One boy said, "What are ye glowtin' at, Billy?" The answer was, "What's that to you? I'll look where I have a mind, an' hinder me if you daur." A blow followed—then the battle became general. A boy of one party was asked what the other boys had done, that they should fight them so. "Oh, nothing at a', man; we just want to gie them a good thrashing." After fighting till they were tired, one of leaders, streaming with blood, and his clothes in tatters, said to the opposite party, "Weel, I'll tell you what we'll do wi' ye: if ye'l let us alone, we'll let you alone." So the war ended, and they went to play. Do not children of a larger growth engage in deadly war, often with no better cause than that which the boy assigned, and with about the same results?

The ways in which society or a nation can practice the law of kindness, are full as many as those in which they can be unkind. And, oh! how much more glorious, and how fraught with choice blessings to the poor, the ignorant and the sinful! A nation practices the law of kindness, when it uses every means to settle difficulties with other nations amicably; when it has no craving to seize the territory of another, by military conquest; but, in all its trans-

actions with the world, pursues a course of conciliation, integrity, and high-mindedness; and, especially when, with noble effort, it induces two nations on the eve of war, to arrange the subject of contention without bloodshed. A nation practices the law of kindness, when it gives orders to its generals and admirals not to molest, during war, any expeditions of utility pursued by the enemy—kindness which was exhibited by France, in reference to Captain Cook, when directions were given to the captains of their ships, to treat Cook as “the commander of a neutral or allied power,” should they meet him while the then existing war continued. The directions were issued in March, 1779. By this act of kindness, France gained more true credit than though it had conquered a thousand ships. The same kindness was manifested by the great and good Franklin, when, as the Plenipotentiary of the United States in Paris, during the Revolution, he earnestly recommended the officers of the American navy, to spare the ships of “that most celebrated discoverer, Captain Cook.”

A nation practices the law of kindness, when it gives attention to the comfort of prisoners taken in war, instead of confining them with the utmost rigor in unhealthy buildings, on short allowances of food, and with the most cruel

treatment, as has been too universally the case heretofore. But whenever prisoners of war have been met with kindness, its results have been decidedly excellent. During our last war, who does not know, that in two or three instances, the crews of captured British frigates returned their warmest thanks to their captors for the very kind treatment which they had received ? Thus proving that a single shadow of the law, "love your enemies," even though in the circumstances of war, has its appropriate and legitimate effect in drawing out the admiration of the heart. Who does not know that the character of the lamented Lawrence, of the ill-fated Chesapeake, excited the warmest respect from his foes, who, even in the time of contest, mourned his death ? And who does not know that General Brock was, on account of his goodness of character, sorrowed over, when killed in battle, not only by the Canadians, but also by the Americans ? Thus showing, that kindness will produce corresponding feeling in the souls of national foes.

* A community practices the law of kindness, when it avoids all sanguinary laws ; when its laws are based on a philanthropy which seeks not only to protect society and deter others from crime, but also aims to reform the offender and

restore him to sound moral health.* Because a man is a criminal, it does not argue that he is incapable of becoming better, or that he is devoid of feeling. A judge in central New York, whose head is whitened with the coming frosts of age, and who has long sat on the bench of justice, said to me—"In the whole course of my experience as a judge, I have never yet had a criminal before me for sentence, but whose feelings I could touch, and whose heart I could subdue, by referring to the mother who watched over and sustained him, or by kindly and affectionately describing to him the evil which he had brought upon himself." A community practices the law of kindness, when it places men over its prisons, who are qualified for their duty, by a

* Lord Coke, in his epilogue to his *Third Institute*, which treats of the crown law, after observing that frequent punishment does not prevent crime, says—"What a lamentable case it is that so many Christian men and women should be strangled on that cursed tree, the gallows, insomuch as if in a large field a man might see together all the Christians that but in one year, throughout England, come to that untimely and ignominious end; if there were any spark of grace or charity in him, it would make his heart to bleed for pity and compassion."—His lordship then proceeds to show that the method of preventing crime is—1. By training up youth in the principles of religion and habits of industry. 2. In the execution of good laws. 3. In the granting pardon very rarely, and upon good reasons. He then concludes "that the consideration of this prevention were worthy of the wisdom of parliament; and in the mean time expert and wise men to make preparation for *ut benedicat eis dominus*. Blessed shall he be that layeth the first stone of the building; more blessed that proceeds in it; most of all, that finisheth it, to the glory of God and the honor of our king and nation."—*Penny Magazine*, vol. viii, p. 283.

thorough acquaintance with human nature, by the most extensive and earnest Christian benevolence, joined with the most prudent firmness, and by a deep conviction that criminals are morally sick, and are deprived of their liberty only that moral medicine may be applied to them to restore them to sound moral health.

A nation practices the law of kindness, when its energies are directed to the advancement of education in reference to each and every one of its members. Especially when its attention is directed to the education of the poor children which may now be found in every community, growing up in ignorance, theft, and crime of all kinds, to fill jails and prisons, and at last to form a debased rabble, subject to the nod of any demagogue who may use them to destroy our government. The kindness consists in preparing them by knowledge to become good citizens and defenders of the American Constitution, as well as lovers of religion and virtue. A nation or community practices the law of kindness, when it stretches the broad hand of its protection over the poor as well as the rich, and seeks to raise the condition of the lowly and degraded—when it aims to remove poverty and distress, by encouraging industry, by compelling the idle to be active, by removing the causes of crime, and by holding out encourage-

ment to the weak and the feeble. In these, and in many other ways, a nation or a community may practice the law of kindness. And I have no hesitation in saying, that a nation or community practicing it, will become the abode of truth, virtue, peace, justice, temperance and love towards God and man.

CHAPTER X.

KINDNESS AND PERSECUTION.

"Hence jarring sectaries may learn
Their real interest to discern ;
That brother should not war with brother,
And worry and devour each other."—COWPER.

Perhaps there is no one subject pertaining to the welfare of men, in which the practice of kindness is more needed or is more efficacious, than in the method of advancing or establishing what, in different ages of Christendom, has been named Religion. And it may well be added, that in no one department of life has it been more flagrantly neglected, or its opposite, cruelty, been more thoroughly manifested in all its horrible features. For no sooner did professed Christians exclude the Pagans from the government of the Roman Empire, than they began to persecute each other, with all the painful forms in which bigotry can develope itself. And from that time to the present, as sect after sect has obtained the ascendancy over other sects, persecution, in some one of its numerous

phases, has been put into requisition, to establish a uniformity of religious faith. Seldom indeed are the instances in which truth has been scattered, and left to win its own triumphs over error in minds untrammelled by the fear of political power—in most cases, the spirit of Mahomed's watchword to his conquered subjects, “the Koran or the sabre,” has been adopted by dominant sects of professed followers of Christ, in order to compel other and weaker sects to bow to their will and receive their creed as the word of God. It is too true that the records of ecclesiastical history glare out acts of blood, instead of rejoicing in the blessings of a Christian toleration, whose foundation is the divine truth, that “*love worketh no ill to his neighbor.*”

Let any person take up the history of the sons and daughters of Israel, from the time when Constantine, Emperor of the Roman Empire, reared a politico-christian banner, very nearly to our own days—and what is its voice? For their stern and dogmatic adhesion to the faith of their fathers, professed Christians have made them write their history in their own blood, and suffer forms of cruelty, especially in Germany, by the first horde of crusaders under the command of Peter the Hermit, and Walter the Pennyless, and half a century after, in the same country, under the instigation of the

preaching of Monk Rodolph, who advocated the necessity of "wreaking vengeance on all the enemies of God," and in the fifteenth century, under the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, in Spain,* forms of cruelty which make humanity shrink with affright, and which none but hearts hardened with the iron of revenge, could inflict. The multitudes of *heretics*, or in other words, of those who differed in faith from the reigning sect of the times, who perished at the Auto da Fes, on the racks, and in the dungeons of the unholy inquisition—the murder of sixty thousand Protestant Huguenots, the slaughter of whom commenced on the 24th of August, 1572, under the reign of Charles the Ninth, of France, and with circumstances of horrort—the persecution of the Puritans in England—the whipping of Baptists, the hanging of Quakers, and the destruction of reputed witches,‡

* See 3d vol. Milman's History of the Jews, in the Family Library.

† See Goodrich's Ecclesiastical History, p. 291.

‡ Red Jacket, the famous Chief of the Seneca Indians, once made a most sarcastic allusion to the witchcraft of New England, which I can not forbear giving at this place, though it has no reference to the theme of this work. In 1821, a member of his tribe died. The cause of his death was not understood; which, with some other circumstances, led them to believe that he was bewitched. The woman who attended him was denounced as the witch, and, according to the laws of her tribe, was condemned to death; which sentence was executed

by the pilgrim fathers of New England—the oppression of the Catholic sons of Ireland, under the tithe system—the spirit of rancor and hatred which so many of the American sects exhibit towards each other—are so many tokens of the dreadful results arising from the existence of the law of revenge or cruelty in the Christian church, and its fatal exercise in endeavoring to produce uniformity of faith. Had all the followers of the Messiah, from the days of Constantine to the present moment, practiced the golden rule, “whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them,” under the influence of the great Christian law, “overcome evil with good,” the history of the

by a chief named Tom-Jemmy. Tom-Jemmy was tried by the whites for murder, but was acquitted. Red Jacket was one of the witnesses. While on the stand, the Seneca witch doctrine was ridiculed by some of the Americans. Red Jacket replied in the following strain:—

“What! do you denounce us as fools and bigots, because we still continue to believe that which you yourselves sedulously inculcated two centuries ago? Your divines have thundered this doctrine from the pulpit, your judges have pronounced it from the bench, your courts of justice have sanctioned it with the formalities of the law, and you would now punish our unfortunate brother for adherence to the superstitions of his fathers! Go to Salem! Look at the records of your government, and you will find hundreds executed for the very crime which has called forth the sentence of condemnation upon this woman, and drawn down the arm of vengeance upon her. What have our brothers done more than the rulers of your people have done? and what crime has this man committed by executing, in a summary way, the laws of his country, and the injunctions of his God?”—Drake’s Book of the Indians, Book v, pp. 103, 104.

Christian Church would have been a history of virtue and kindness, instead of being stained with blood and revenge.

No axiom can be more evident, than that every form of persecution should be excluded from the cause of Christianity—even if for no other reason, yet for the great fact, that *persecution checks and destroys freedom of mind*, to the free exercise of which, we are indebted not only for advance in Christian truth, but also for the developments of every other department of knowledge. It is the free exercise of mind which has made astronomy a science; has explored the surface of the earth, both in geography and geology; has opened the mine, and brought gold, silver, iron, and coal into effective use; has applied steam to the ship and the car, and fashioned the useful machinery every where in operation; has developed the wonders of chemistry, the intricacy of physiology, and the beauties and powers of literature. In fact, it is to the free exercise of mind, that the white man has a dwelling so much superior to the hut of a Hottentot; is so far advanced in knowledge beyond the savage; and instead of bowing to a senseless idol, like the blinded pagans, kneels with intelligent worship before the Spirit of the Universe. Now, if God intended that these results should be brought about only by the free

and generous exercise of mind, did he not also intend that the mind should be free in obtaining Christian truth ? When God said, " come now, let us reason together"—when Messiah said, " why, of yourselves, judge ye not what is right?"—when Paul said, " prove all things ; hold fast that which is good"—we discover that man is desired to exert his intellectual faculties in order to define Christian truth.

Oh, how many men in days that are now past, have toiled long and faithfully to secure to themselves the privilege of freely subjecting Christianity to the voice of reason, and at last, have sealed their labors with martyrdom. And yet, notwithstanding their sufferings and sorrows, there is no scene in nature more sublime than the efforts of mind to acquire perfect freedom in religious matters. We may behold the ocean heaving in its fearful grandeur—we may look upon the evening sky glorying with its countless hosts of suns and worlds—we may gaze at the raging waters which thunder down Niagara's front, in the deep bass of nature's awful voice—but yet, to see individuals patiently enduring tribulation, and at last, courageously meeting death, rather than give up the freedom of their minds to a wicked and fanatical superstition, is more noble than all these. It is the struggle of right against wrong ; of good against

evil ; of Christ in the soul against satan in the passions ; of mind against spiritual wickedness ; of freedom of thought against slavery of the intellect. And when the victory is won, and man stands forth, mildly but independently, and with generous charity for others, to avow his faith, without any fear of his fellows, it is a more ennobling sight than all pageantries and shows.

But it needs no considerations to prove that cruelty, revenge or persecution, are never of right to be used by the professed Christian in attempting to become ruler over the consciences of others. It never succeeded in making a genuine believer ; and it never can make one. It may make slaves—it may chain minds, and compel them, through fear, to give assent to the faith presented them—but an understanding belief cometh not from persecution ; it comes from perfect freedom in the examination of Christianity. On the subject of toleration, the following tale, said to be from the pen of Dr. Franklin, is full of the noblest instruction. “ And it came to pass after these things, that Abraham sat at the door of his tent, about the going down of the sun. And behold ! a man bent with age, coming from the way of the wilderness, leaning on a staff. And Abraham arose, met him, and said unto him ; ‘ turn in, I pray thee, and wash thy feet, and tarry all night, and thou shalt arise ear-

ly in the morning, and go on thy way.' And the man said ; ' nay, for I will abide under the tree.' But Abraham pressed him greatly : so he turned, and they went into the tent. And Abraham baked unleavened bread, and they did eat. And when Abraham saw that the man blessed not God, he said unto him : ' wherefore dost thou not worship the most High God, creator of heaven and earth ?' And the man answered and said, ' I worship the God of my fathers, in the way which they have appointed.' And Abraham's wrath was kindled against the man, and he arose and fell upon, and drove him forth with blows into the wilderness. And God called unto Abraham, saying : ' Abraham, where is the stranger ?' And Abraham answered and said : ' Lord, he would not worship thee, neither would he call upon thy name ; therefore have I driven him out before my face into the wilderness.' And God said, ' have I borne with him these hundred and ninety years, and nourished him, and clothed him, notwithstanding his rebellion against me ; and couldst not thou, who art thyself a sinner, bear with him one night ?' And Abraham said : ' let not the anger of my Lord wax hot against his servant ; lo ! I have sinned ; I pray thee, forgive me.' And Abraham arose, and went forth into the wilderness, and sought diligently for the man, and found

him, and returned with him to the tent ; and when he had treated him kindly, he sent him away on the morrow, with gifts."

The thought thus expressed by the venerable philosopher in the style of Scripture-composition, is as worthy of him as it manifests the true spirit of Christian toleration. It is the great fact which the world so slowly learns, that one individual possesses no right to persecute another individual because he differs from him in faith, for they both have equal privilege of cherishing their respective opinion. If error is abroad ; and undoubtedly there is much of it ; the most certain mode of paving the way for its destruction, is, for the sects to avoid abusing and misrepresenting each other, and to exhibit the most enlarged kindness to all followers of Christ, of whatever sectarian name they may be. In this manner the harshness and inveteracy of the sects would cease, and their members, by consequence, would gradually come into that Christian and intellectual frame of mind, which would prepare them for vigorously following out the sublime and important question, **WHAT IS TRUTH?** This tolerating kindness is the more necessary, from the fact, that as community is now situated, with a vast many influences all operating to make people differ in opinion, it is impossible to bring them to a unity of faith at pre-

sent. How wicked then, to force people of one sect to adopt the creed of another sect, by slandering them and their opinions; by endeavoring to bring popularity and fashion to bear against them; and by persecuting them in every possible manner which the age will permit!— The self-reproach of Charles the Fifth, Emperor of Germany, is full of instruction in reference to this point. After abdicating his throne and retiring to a monastery, he passed away his time with mechanical arts, particularly that of watch-making. One day he broke out with the exclamation, “what an egregious fool must I have been to have squandered so much blood and treasure, in an absurd attempt to make all men think alike, when I can not even make a few watches keep time together.”* May not all those in modern times, who attempt to enforce uniformity of faith, very properly apply this rebuke to themselves?

To pursue the broadest highway of kindness in reference to the multitudes of widely differing sectarians, does not presuppose the least backwardness in proclaiming what each sect has embraced as the truth. Each denomination possesses the clearest right to advance, discuss, and if possible, prove its peculiar opinions, and no

* Penny Magazine, vol. I, p. 40.

other denomination has any divine or legitimate human authority, to deprive it of this inestimable privilege. But that denomination wanders very far from the Christian spirit, as well as from its own interests, if it speaks its faith in thunder and breathes maledictions upon all who do not bow to it without question. It is the injunction of Paul, to "*speak the truth in love.*" Let it be invested with affection—let it breathe from the heart with heaven-born charity for those who deem it error—let it come with the unhesitating acknowledgment, that all persons possess the right to avow, defend and enjoy whatever they may have imbibed as truth—let all the kind offices of society be cheerfully discharged without any regard to peculiarity of faith—let the spirit exist between the sects, which the Messiah, in the following touchingly simple narration, described as existing between a Samaritan and a Jew—and it will not only destroy persecution, but it will give to people such desires, that instead of fighting for sectarism, they will press earnestly on in the divine work of obtaining Christianity as it fell from the lips of Christ and his apostles.—"A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves, who stripped him of his raiment and wounded him, and departed, leaving him half dead. And by chance there came down a

certain priest that way ; and when he saw him, he passed by on the other side. And likewise a Levite, when he was at the place, came and looked on him, and passed by on the other side. But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he was ; and when he saw him, he had compassion on him, and went to him, and bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine, and set him on his own beast, and brought him to an inn, and took care of him. And on the morrow when he departed, he took out two pence, and gave them to the host, and said unto him. take care of him ; and whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again, I will repay thee. Which now of these three, thinkest thou, was neighbor unto him that fell among the thieves ? And he said, he that shewed mercy on him. Then said Jesus unto him, go, and do thou likewise."* That such Christian charity will break down sectarian harshness and blind persecution, is as evident as that the spring sun will melt ice and frost from the bud, and expand it into the loveliness of a flower. As direct proof of this fact, some instances will be adduced.

On a certain occasion, Messiah was performing a journey to Jerusalem. While on his way, he sent messengers before him to prepare pla-

* See Luke x: 30-37.

ces of reception for him. Among others, they went to a village of the Samaritans. But when Messiah came, the Samaritans refused to receive him, "because his face was as though he would go to Jerusalem." On account of their rival religions, there existed the most bitter prejudice between the Jews and Samaritans; which explains the fact of the Samaritans not receiving Messiah. The disciples were exercised with indignation because of the decided opposition manifested against Christ. "And when his disciples, James and John, saw this, they said, 'Lord, wilt thou that we command fire to come down from heaven, and consume them, even as Elias did ?'" Here was the genuine spirit of revenge. Because the Samaritans manifested bigotry towards Messiah, they would sweep them from the face of the earth. But how acted Jesus? On the broadest scale of kindness. "He turned, and rebuked them, and said, '*ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of*—for the Son of man is not come to destroy men's lives, but to save them.' And they went to another village."* He not only disapproved the spirit of his disciples—he not only left the Samaritans unmolested—but he quietly sought another place of repose. Had he been like many who have

* See Luke ix : 51-56.

professed his name since his day, he would have desolated that offending village with fire and blood—but as his was the duty to divinely “love his enemies,” he chose peace rather than war; kindness rather than harshness. And there can be no doubt but that the kindness of the Saviour opened the path for the apostles to afterwards preach, “*the Gospel in many villages of the Samaritans,*”* to the conversion of crowds of their inhabitants.

The beautiful results of kindness and toleration in reference to difference of religious faith, are very admirably manifested in the case of John Frederic Oberlin, whose character has already been described. He knew no bigotry. His Christian character did not dream of using an individual harshly and unkindly, on the simple ground of difference of opinion. He looked upon all around him as his brethren. “His tolerance,” says a writer, for some time a resident in his district, “was almost unbounded. He administered the sacrament to Catholics, Lutherans and Calvinists at the same time; and because they would not eat the same bread, he had, on the plate, bread of different kinds, wafer, leavened and unleavened. In every thing the same spirit appeared; and it extended not

* *Acts viii: 25.*

only to his Catholic but also to his Jewish neighbors, and made him many friends among them all.”* This was genuine Christian kindness—it was a splendid illustration of the divine law, “overcome evil with good.” And what was the result? Most noble! Different sects lived in the utmost peace and harmony, where the good Oberlin possessed an influence—bigotry was disarmed of its sting, and sectarian bitterness gave place to Christian charity. And when the funeral of Oberlin was attended, the effect of his truly sublime conduct was more than ever brought to light. To use the language of the Editor of the *Expositor*:† “On the day of interment, a vast concourse assembled, consisting indiscriminately of Catholics and Protestants. The funeral procession reached two miles.—Throughout the immense multitude, one general expression of grief prevailed. Sectarian feelings can hardly be said to have been suspended on the mournful occasion: they had long before been eradicated. Even the Roman Catholic women surrounded the burial place, all dressed in mourning, and kneeling in silent prayer; and several Roman Catholic priests, habited in their canonicals, took their seats among the members of the Consistory, and evidently par-

* Quoted in the *Universalist Expositor*, vol. iii, p. 127.

† Vol. iii. p. 128.

ticipated in the general affliction." This most beautiful exhibition of Christian toleration, breathes proof of all that has been advanced on the subject; and demonstrates, that wherever it is practiced, contention and ill-will must cease, and kindness and affection must generally prevail.

A very admirable illustration of the power of kindness to subdue opposition, when manifested by a member of one sect towards the members of another sect, is given in Bancroft's History of the United States. It manifests itself in the conduct of John Archdale, who was chosen Governor of South Carolina, by the proprietaries of that colony, in 1695. "With the Spaniards at St. Augustine friendly relations sprung up: a Quaker could respect the faith of a Papist. Four Indians, converts of the Spanish priests, captives to the Yammasees, and exposed to sale as slaves, were ransomed by Archdale, and sent to the governor of St. Augustine. 'I shall manifest reciprocal kindness,' was his reply, 'and shall always observe a good correspondence with you;' and when an English vessel was wrecked in Florida, the Spaniards retaliated the benevolence of Archdale."*

The instance now to be introduced, is one of

the most extraordinary character, pouring a flood of light upon the facts we are considering. This instance is given in a discourse preached by Rev. Claudio Buchanan in Bristol, England, February 26, 1809.*

" Two Mahometans of Arabia, persons of consideration in their own country, have been lately converted to the Christian faith. One of them has already suffered martyrdom, and the other is now engaged in translating the Scriptures, and in concerting plans for the conversion of his countrymen. The name of the martyr was Abdallah ; and the name of the other, who is now translating the Scriptures, is Sabat ; or, as he is called since his Christian baptism, Nathaniel Sabat. Sabat resided in my house some time before I left India, and I had from his own mouth the chief part of the account which I shall now give to you. Some particulars I had from others. His conversion took place after the martyrdom of Abdallah, ' to whose death he was consenting : ' and he related the circumstances to me with many tears.

" Abdallah and Sabat were intimate friends, and being young men of family in Arabia, they agreed to travel together, and to visit foreign countries. They were both zealous Mahome-

* See Buchanan's *Researches in Asia*, p. 236 and onward.

tans. Sabat is son of Ibrahim Sabat, a noble family of the line of Beni-Sabat, who trace their pedigree to Mahomet. The two friends left Arabia, after paying their adorations at the tomb of their prophet at Mecca, and travelled through Persia, and thence to Cabul. Abdallah was appointed to an office of state under Zemaua Shah, king of Cabul; and Sabat left him there, and proceeded on a tour through Tartary.

" While Abdallah remained at Cabul, he was converted to the Christian faith by the perusal of a Bible (as is supposed) belonging to a Christian from Armenia, then residing at Cabul. In the Mahometan states, it is death for a man of rank to become a Christian. Abdallah endeavored for a time to conceal his conversion, but finding it no longer possible, he determined to flee to some of the Christian churches near the Caspian sea. He accordingly left Cabul in disguise, and had gained the great city of Bocchara, in Tartary, when he was met in the streets of that city, by his friend, Sabat, who immediately recognized him. Sabat had heard of his conversion and flight, and was filled with indignation at his conduct. Abdallah knew his danger, and threw himself at the feet of Sabat.—He confessed that he was a Christian, and implored him, by the sacred tie of their former friendship, to let him escape with his life. ' But,

Sir,' said Sabat, when relating the story himself, 'I *had no pity*. I caused my servants to seize him, and I delivered him up to Morad Shah, King of Bochara. He was sentenced to die, and a herald went throughout the city of Bochara, announcing the time of his execution. An immense multitude attended, and the chief men of the city. I also went, and stood near to Abdallah. He was offered his life, if he would abjure Christ, the executioner standing by him with his sword in his hand. 'No,' said he, (as if the proposition were impossible to be complied with,) 'I can not abjure Christ.' Then one of his hands was cut off at the wrist. He stood firm, his arm hanging by his side, with but little motion. A physician, by desire of the king, offered to heal the wound, if he would recant. He made no answer, but looked up steadfastly towards heaven, like Stephen the first martyr, his eyes streaming with tears. He did not look with anger toward *me*. He looked at *me*, but it was benignly, and with the countenance of forgiveness. His other hand was then cut off. 'But, Sir,' said Sabat, in his imperfect English, 'he never *changed*, he never *changed*. And when he bowed his head to receive the blow of death, all Bochara seemed to say, 'What new thing is this?'

" Sabat had indulged the hope that Abdallah

would have recanted when he was offered his life ; but when he saw that his friend was dead, he resigned himself to grief and remorse. He travelled from place to place, seeking rest and finding none. At last he thought he would visit India. He accordingly came to Madras about five years ago. Soon after his arrival he was appointed by the English government a Mafti, or expounder of Mahometan law ; his great learning, and respectable station in his own country, rendering him eminently qualified for that office. And now the period of his own conversion drew near. While he was at Visagapatam, in the Northern Circars, exercising his professional duties, Providence brought in his way a New Testament in Arabic. He read it with deep thought, the Koran lying before him. He compared them together, and at length the truth of the word of God tell on his mind, as he expressed it, like a flood of light. Soon afterwards he proceeded to Madras, a journey of three hundred miles, to seek Christian baptism ; and having made a public confession of his faith, he was baptized by the Rev. Dr. Kerr, in the English church at that place, by the name of Nathaniel, in the twenty-seventh year of his age.

" Being now desirous to devote his future life to the glory of God, he resigned his secular employ, and came by invitation to Bengal, where

he is now engaged in translating the Scriptures into the Persian language. This work hath not hitherto been executed, for want of a translator of sufficient ability. The Persian is an important language in the East, being the general language of Western Asia, particularly among the higher classes, and is understood from Calcutta to Damascus. But the great work which occupies the attention of this noble Arabian, is the promulgation of the Gospel among his own countrymen ; and from the present fluctuations of religious opinion in Arabia, he is sanguine in his hopes of success. His first work is entitled, (Neama Besharatin lil Arabi,) '*Happy News for Arabia* ;' written in the Nabuttee, or common dialect of the country. It contains an eloquent and argumentative elucidation of the truth of the Gospel, with copious authorities admitted by the Mahometans themselves, and particularly by the Wahabians. And prefixed to it, is an account of the conversion of the author, and an appeal to the members of his well known family in Arabia, for the truth of the facts.

" The following circumstance in the history of Sabat ought not to have been omitted. When his family in Arabia had heard that he had followed the example of Abdallah, and become a Christian, they despatched his brother to India, (a voyage of two months,) to assassinate him.

While Sabat was sitting in his house at Vesagapatam, his brother presented himself, in the disguise of a Faqueer, or beggar, having a dagger concealed under his mantle. He rushed on Sabat, and wounded him. But Sabat seized his arm, and his servants came to his assistance.—He then recognized his brother. The assassin would have become the victim of public justice, but Sabat interceded for his brother, and sent him home in peace, with letters and presents to his mother's house in Arabia."

Instances like those already presented, might be added to the number given—but enough has been collected to establish the object of this chapter. It is beyond question true, that an individual or a sect, who wishes to disseminate religious views, will effect that desire most rapidly, by pursuing, through good or evil report, through opposition and persecution, a uniform course of kindness and charity. Even error can be more thoroughly scattered when conjoined with kindness, than truth can when conjoined with oppression and persecution. And to this, I will add, what appears to me an unquestionable proposition, viz., that the individuals or sects who are harsh and uncharitable in advancing their peculiar views; who strive to enforce those views upon others, in an unkind and violent mode; are not only unwise, but are

positive enemies to the Saviour; since his cause is never so endangered as when its professed followers become persecutors. The true guide and light for professed Christians, when propagating what they consider religious truth, are contained in the expressive direction of the apostle Paul—"SPEAKING THE TRUTH IN LOVE."

CHAPTER XI.

KINDNESS AND PUNISHMENT.

“Her weeds to robes of glory turn,
Her looks with kindling radiance burn,
And from her lips these accents steal,
God smites to bless, he wounds to heal.”

There is a point, however, concerning the law of kindness, where some perplexity arises, and much doubt exists. Many people associate with the idea of a uniform practice of kindness, the absence of pain, the putting aside all restraints upon evil, and the sufferance of offenders, without attempting to check them, otherwise than by a mild word. This is a mistake. The law of kindness has no affinity to lawlessness. It indeed pre-supposes the absence of all *cruelty*—but it does not pre-suppose the absence of proper punishment for sin, or necessary check upon the transgressor. Kindness often dictates the application of pain, as frequent cases of the amputation of limbs to save the lives of sufferers, fully prove. The parent who neglects to restrain and correct his children, is as *unkind* as

the parent whose chastisements become cruelties from excessive severity. The state or kingdom which is weak in the administration of just and proper laws, is as unkind as the state or kingdom which possesses cruel and sanguinary laws, and is revengefully bloody in their execution. Therefore, while kindness deprecates all cruelty, and is totally opposed to all pain resulting from a revengeful spirit and having no good object in view, it, at the same time, contends for all chastisement which is calculated to produce good as its ultimate effect. For when an individual is diseased with sin, kindness advocates the use of the probe and lancet of pain, in order to produce sound, moral health in him.—This view accords with Christianity and sound philosophy.

In the Bible, punishment is represented as flowing from the purest kindness, and as aiming to produce reconciliation and obedience in him or them who are exercised by it. For while, in the voice of divine justice, it denounces chastisement upon all sinners, according to their criminality, it also affirms that the merciful wisdom and loving kindness of him who is Governor in all the earth, are manifested in that chastisement, by so arranging it that it shall ultimate in the reformation of its subjects. And as an illustration of its nature, the Saviour spoke of a wan-

dering prodigal, who strayed from the house of his father, fell into sin, was punished, and was so subdued by it, that he returned home a repentant son. The following two passages are distinct in setting forth the character of punishment which the kindness of God administers.—“If his children forsake my law, and walk not in my judgments; if they break my statutes, and keep not my commandments; then will I visit their transgression with the rod and their iniquity with stripes. Nevertheless my loving kindness will I not utterly take from him, nor suffer my faithfulness to fail.”* “Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous; nevertheless afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby.”† The teaching of these passages is too obvious to be mistaken. Formed in the faultless principles of infinite justice and love, it seeks to render substantial kindness to those who suffer it, by purging them of the evils of sin. And that this punishment, conjoined with heavenly truth, in the hands of the Saviour, will succeed in reforming all sinners according to the times of divine appointment, is demonstrated by the Scriptures.—“For it pleased the Father that in him (Christ) should all fulness

* Psalm lxxxix: 30-33.

† Hebrews xii: 11.

dwell; and having made peace through the blood of his cross, by him to reconcile all things unto himself; by him I say, whether they be things in earth or things in heaven."* When this sublime and ever desirable work shall be accomplished, then the spirit-exciting declaration of John shall be fulfilled.—"And every creature which is in heaven, and on earth, and under the earth, and such as are in the sea, and all that are in them, heard I saying, blessing, and honor, and glory, and power, be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb forever and ever."†

Taking these views as the basis of kindness when connected with punishment, we discover the philosophy of divine justice and benevolence to be, the prevention of sin and the reformation of the offender. And no reflecting mind can fail of perceiving that this philosophy is rapidly manifesting itself in the government of nations, of schools, of families, and of criminals. President Wayland remarked in an address to the Prison Discipline Society, "it is in vain to punish men, unless you reform them."‡ The world is rising up to this noble fact. Though a popular author has said, "to reform the criminal, to cure him of the moral disease which led him

* Colos. i: 19, 20. See also 1 Corin. xv: 24-28.

† Rev. v: 13. ‡ See p. 163 of Ladies Repository, vol. ix.

into crime, to impart appropriate instruction to his mind, and to prepare the way for his restoration to society as a renovated character, are circumstances which seem to have been entirely overlooked in the arrangements connected with our criminal legislation,"* yet it is being more and more discovered, that not only do sanguinary, revengeful punishments fail of checking crime, but that mild and merciful laws, aiming to correct and reform offenders, are more salutary in their influence and more productive of good in their results. And it is a pleasing fact, that multitudes of parents and teachers, in governing their children and scholars, now see and are practicing the truth, that it is far better to administer the punishment which kindness dictates, than to administer the punishment which revenge suggests. An author, already quoted, says, "the great object of all civil punishments ought to be, not only the prevention of crimes, but also the reformation of the criminal, in order that a conviction of the evil of his conduct may be impressed upon his mind, and that he may be restored to society as a renovated character—when punishments are inflicted with a degree of severity beyond what is necessary to accomplish these ends, the code which sanctions

* Dick's Mental Illumination, p. 335.

them, becomes an engine of cruelty and injustice."* Punishment, when cruel and revengeful, increases the very evil which it seeks to destroy: Hence, says the same writer : " This was strikingly exemplified in the reign of Henry VIII., remarkable for the abundance of its crimes, which certainly did not arise from the mildness of punishment. In that reign alone, says his historian, *seventy-two thousand executions* took place, for robberies alone, exclusive of the religious murders which are known to have been numerous,—amounting on an average, to *six executions a day*, Sundays included, during the whole reign of that monarch."† The whole history of national, social, school,‡ and family

* Dick's Philosophy of Religion, p. 157. † Ibid, p. 158.

‡ "EFFECTS OF KINDNESS.—In the Common School Journal, is an excellent article on the subject of 'Management of disobedient children,' a subject which few parents or instructors appear to understand. From this article we copy the following interesting anecdote :

'At a Common School Convention in Hampden county, we heard Rev. Dr. Cooley relate an anecdote strikingly illustrative of this principle. He said that, many years ago, a young man went into a district to keep school, and before he had been there a week, many persons came to see him, and kindly told him that there was one boy in the school whom it would be necessary to whip every day; leading him to infer that such was the custom of the school, and that the inference of injustice towards the boy would be drawn whenever he should escape, not when he should suffer. The teacher saw the affair in a different light. He treated the boy with signal kindness and attention. At first this novel course seemed to bewilder him. He could not divine its meaning. But when the persevering kindness of the teacher begot a kindred sentiment of

government may be traced throughout, and its clearest voice will be, that cruel and revengeful punishments have increased crime and insubordination; while mild and merciful chastisements, tempered according to the criminality of offenders, and manifesting an attempt to produce moral health in them, have decreased crime and encouraged obedience and good order. Cruel punishments, aiming at no other end than the infliction of pain, kindness unequivocally condemns. But those punishments whose object is to reform sinners, repress crime, encourage virtue, preserve good order, and protect society, kindness unequivocally approves—for kindness is an enemy to lawlessness and a friend to all righteousness. These propositions are in perfect accordance with the instructions of the Saviour, who, while he taught his people to *love their enemies*, also declared* that he who was worthy of many stripes, should receive them, and he who was deserving of few stripes, should receive few stripes.

kindness in the pupil, his very nature seemed transformed.—Old impulses died. A new creation of motives supplied their place. Never was there a more diligent, obedient and successful pupil. *Now*, said the reverend gentleman, in concluding his narrative—that boy is the Chief Justice of a neighboring State. The relator of this story—though he modestly kept back the fact—was himself the actor. If the Romans justly bestowed a civic crown upon a soldier, who had saved the life of a fellow soldier in battle, what honors are too great for a teacher who has thus rescued a child from ruin?"

* Luke xii: 47, 48.

Such then are our views of kindness when considered in reference to punishment. And while it is as foreign from lawlessness as light is from darkness, how different would be the aspect and prospects of the world, if it was entirely governed by the law, "overcome evil with good." What seas of blood would remain unshed—what unholy deeds of persecution and bigotry would remain in oblivion—what a tide of revengeful feelings would have no existence—what numberless oppressions of the widow and the orphan would remain unpracticed—and, what cruel tyranny would remain without execution. How beautifully the moral world would bloom with the brightest flowers of mercy, and goodness, and affection. The halls of litigation would be emptied, the bench of the judge would be unvisited, and the staff of the officer would become useless. From the rivers to the ends of the earth, the universal language of Christianity, the kindness of brotherhood, would be acknowledged and practiced. The sword would become a ploughshare and the spear a pruning hook, nation would hold communion with nation, and the natives of one kingdom would visit those of any other kingdom with perfect assurance of safety. The Gospel would then practically become "good news of glad tidings to all people"; and on earth, peace,

good will towards men." The whole earth would echo with songs of salvation ; the isles would be glad, and the continents would rejoice, while the oceans and rivers would echo back the glorious theme, until all men, enlightened with truth and purified with virtue, subscribed to the great fact, **GOD IS THE UNIVERSAL FATHER OF ALL, MESSIAH IS THE UNIVERSAL SAVIOUR OF ALL, MAN IS THE BROTHER OF MAN**, and his rule of action towards his brethren should be, in all the fulness of holiness, "**OVERCOME EVIL WITH GOOD ;**" until the all-pervading principle of goodness should pour the waters of love upon every spark of discord and revenge. How well did the poet say :—

"I've thought, at gentle and ungentle hour,
 Of many an act and giant shape of power ;
 Of the old kings, with high enacting looks,
 Sceptred and globed ; of eagles on their rocks,
 With straining feet, and that fierce mouth and drear,
 Answering the strain with downward drag austere ;
 Of the rich-headed lion, whose huge frown,
 All his great nature, gathering seems to crown ;
 Then of cathedral, with its priestly height,
 Seen from below at superstitious night ;
 Of ghastly castle that eternally
 Holds its blind visage out to the lone sea ;
 And of all sunless subterranean deeps
 The creature makes who listens while he sleeps,
 Avarice ; and then of those old earthy bones,
 That stride, they say, over heroic bones ;
 And those stone-heaps Egyptian, whose small doors
 Look like low dens under precipitous shores ;

And him, great Methus, that long stand By,
 In seeming idleness, with stony eye,
 Sang at the morning's touch, like poetry;
 And then of all the fierce and bitter fruit
 Of the proud planting of a tyrannous root,
 Of bruised rights, and flourishing bad-meas,
 And virtue wasting heavenwards from a den:
 Brute force, and fury, and the devilish drought
 Of the foul cannon's ever-gaping mouth;
 And the bride-widowing sword; and the harsh bay
 The sneering trumpet sends across the fray;
 And all which fights the people-thinning war
 That selfishness invokes—the horrid war,
 Panting along with many a bloody mane.

I've thought of all this pride, and all this pain,
 And all the insolent plenitudes of power,
 And I declare, by this most quiet hour,
 Which holds in different tasks by the fire-light
 Me and my friends here, this delightful night,
 That Power itself has not one-half the might
 Of *Gentleness*. 'Tis want to all true wealth;
 The uneasy madman's force to the wise health;
 Blind downward beating, to the eyes that see;
 Noise to persuasion, doubt to certainty;
 The consciousness of strength in enemies,
 Who must be strained upon, or else they rise;
 The battle to the moon, who all the while,
 High out of hearing, passes with her smile;
 The tempest, trampling in his scanty run,
 To the whole globe that basks about the sun;
 Or as all shrieks and clangs, with which a sphere,
 Undone and fired, could rake the midnight ear,
 Compared with that vast dumbness nature keeps
 Throughout her starry deeps,
 Most old, and mild, and awful, and unbroken,
 Which tells a tale of peace beyond whate'er was spoken."*

* Poetical Works of Leigh Hunt, p. 172—Lond. Ed., 1832.

These thoughts are worthy of the sublime subject—they speak its grandeur—and vividly contrast its mild and constant energy with terrific force and violence. It is a subject of which nothing too sublime and grand can be uttered. For kindness not only deals with the finite ; it is also the essence of infinity itself. It burns in its purity in the human soul ; and it is the majestic influence which forms the vast truth that “GOD IS LOVE.”

CHAPTER XII.

THE BLESSINGS AND DUTY OF PRACTICING THE LAW OF KINDNESS.

"Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold;
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
'What writest thou?' The vision raised its head,
And with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answer'd, 'The names of those who love the Lord.'
'And is mine one?' said Abou. 'Nay, not so,'
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerly still, and said, 'I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men.'

The angel wrote and vanish'd. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And show'd the names whom love of God had bless'd
And, lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest."

LEIGH HUNT.

In whatever manifestation of its influence,
the exercise of kindness may be considered, it
will always confer upon the individual who di-
rects it and the individual upon whom it is
brought to bear, a rich blessing. Genuine

kindness never carries blight and ruin with it, like the tornado; it always goes forth like the light and heat of the sun, bearing peace, joy and sympathy to all whom it reaches. And when it returns to him who has exerted it, the rewards which earthly things can form, are given him—or if he is not in a situation to require assistance from those who have felt the gentle dew of his affection, his soul is filled with the calm and steady but ecstatic thought that others have been made happy by his actions. He can well appreciate the language of Lathrop—

“Beneficence, regardless of herself,—
Of pride, ambition, policy or self,—
Enjoys in blest return, for one poor mite,
A mine, an empire, of sublime delight.”

The history of life furnishes not a single illustration of the law of kindness, but proves the sacred declaration, “*cast thy corn upon moist ground, and after many days thou shalt find it.*”* For, as certain as corn will yield its increase to the sower, so certain is it that kindness flows back upon its worshipper with an hundred-fold of pure felicity. Well was it said by Hannah More—

“And he, whose wakeful tenderness removes
The obstructing thorn which wounds the friend he loves,
Smooths not another’s rugged path alone,
But scatters roses to adorn his own.”

* Translation by Girard—Biblical Institutes, p. 122.

It is the fact breathing in this poetry, which accounts for the simple but comprehensive answer which the good Oberlin returned as a reply to a question put to him by a visitor; “ ‘ *Ja ich bin glücklich.*’ (Yes, I am happy.)”*. His incessant labors, in the humblest circumstances and with the greatest obstacles, for the good of his people, yielded him an abundant reward in their very exercise. Nor can any person doubt but that the venerable Franklin received the most exquisite pleasure, when, in reply to a letter from the celebrated George Whitefield to whom he had rendered a kindness, he wrote as follows: “ *As to the kindness you mention, I wish it could have been of more service to you. But if it had, the only thanks I should desire is, that you would be equally ready to serve any other that may need your assistance, and so let good offices go round; for mankind are all of a family.*”† Those who become acquainted with the noble pleasure of administering kindness to others, find a tie which binds them to life, even if there was scarcely any other attraction to render it desirable. To this effect, Rogers in his poem on “ *Italy,*” relates an incident which he received from a Piedmontese nobleman, who, weary of life, determined to commit suicide.

* See Dr. Epp’s *Phrenological Essays*, p. 53.

† Vol. ii. of *Franklin’s Works* in No. 93 of the *Family Library*, p. 110.

"I was weary of life, and after a day, such as few have known and none would wish to remember, was hurrying along the street to the river, when I felt a sudden check. I turned and beheld a little boy, who had caught the skirt of my cloak in his anxiety to solicit my notice. His look and manner were irresistible. Not less so was the lesson he had learnt.—'There are six of us, and we are dying for want of food.' Why should I not, said I to myself, relieve this wretched family? I have the means, and it will not detain me many minutes. But what if it does? The scene of misery he conducted me to, I can not describe. I threw them my purse; and their burst of gratitude overcame me. It filled my eyes—it went as a cordial to my heart. I will call again to-morrow, I cried. Fool that I was to think of leaving a world where such pleasure was to be had, and so cheaply!"

The individual who is kind to his fellow-beings, does not pursue kindness without an overflowing reward—for he thereby deposes a treasure, which, at some period in his earthly career, will develope itself as the result of his benevolence. Witness the touching fact which follows: "An aged man, named Bonvouloir, appeared before the sixth chamber, (Paris,) charged with the 'crime' of mendicity. While answer-

ing the usual questions of the President, a young man, accompanied by his wife, advanced towards the bar, and, turning his eyes upon Bonvouloir, wept aloud. The name of this individual, as it afterward appeared, is Bouvet, whip-maker ; and we feel pleasure in recording it, in connection with an act which ennobles human nature. *President.*—‘ Why do you weep ?’ *Bouvet.*—‘ Sir, I know that poor old man ; I know him as one knows a father, for he was a father to me ! It was he who took care of my infancy ; it was he who brought me up ; and to see him *thus* reduced in his old age ! My wife and I have come to beg of you, gentlemen, to have the goodness to give him up to our care. We will treat him kindly, Mr. President ; we will do for him, in his helplessness, what he did for me in mine.’ *The young wife of Bouvet, (shedding tears.)*—‘ Oh ! yes, Mr. President, we will take care of poor Mr. Bonvouloir, who was so good to my husband when he was but a little, destitute child. Do, Sir, let us have him—pray, gentlemen, don’t refuse us !’ During these affecting supplications, it is impossible to describe the joy, the admiration, the ineffable expression of delight, that beamed on the face of that aged man, who found a triumph where he had only dared to hope for pity. The audience, the judges themselves, evinced deep emotion, and

one of the latter, much to his honor, shed tears! M. le President Mathias, in pronouncing Bouvouloir's acquittal, thus addressed him: ' You see, my good old man, that a benevolent action never goes unrewarded. You generously protected Bouvet in his childhood, and to-day he and his young wife come nobly forward to shelter your gray hairs. The tribunal feel happy in rendering you to their affection and their gratitude.' **

Another instance is to the full as affecting as the one last given, and as radiant with melting power in demonstrating that kindness is never an unprofitable exercise. When the proud but unfortunate Cardinal Wolsey fell beneath the displeasure of Henry the Eighth of England, all his former friends despised and deserted him, with the exception of an individual by the name of Fitz-Williams, who had been patronized by Wolsey, and by whom his talents and good qualities had been appreciated and drawn out. Fitz-Williams took Wolsey to his country seat, and treated him as though he was still the favorite of the king. When the king heard of this conduct of Fitz-Williams, he sent for him, and in anger inquired why he harbored Wolsey when resting under the imputation of high trea-

* Quoted from Galignani's Messenger, into the Universalist Union, vol ii, p. 368.

son. "Sire," said he, "it is not the disgraced minister or the state-criminal that I have received into my house ; it is my benefactor and protector; he who has given me bread, and of whom I hold the fortune and tranquillity I enjoy. Ah, Sire, if I had abandoned him in his misfortune, I should have been the most ungrateful of men."* This kindness so affected Henry, that he conceived the highest esteem for Fitz-Williams, whom he knighted and created his Privy Connellor. In this instance, kindness manifested a three-fold result. Wolsey found a reward for being kind to Fitz-Williams, in the protection he enjoyed—Fitz-Williams found a reward for being kind to Wolsey, in the satisfaction of his soul and the countenance of the king—while a proud and angry monarch was melted into a friend by the love of the law, "overcome evil with good."

The next instance is one which the reader will find capable of drawing forth his tears, not only at the heavenly kindness manifested in it, but also in viewing the tender sympathy, the true felicity and the warm attachment breathing throughout it. It is related by G. P. Morris, one of the Editors of the New-York Mirror,† in a delightful article on the preciousness of

* Parlor Book, p. 143. † See Mirror for Dec. 15th, 1832.

miniatures as mementos of departed friends—After speaking of their value, he says—

“ Our thoughts were more particularly turned to this subject, by an occurrence which once took place within our immediate observation, and which must be responsible for the length of the time during which we have thus unwarily trespassed on the good nature of the reader. A poor, destitute Swiss, nearly sixty years of age, with a very imperfect knowledge of English, was taken into a family whom we are gratified to name among our friends, and in which the pervading spirit was kindness, peace and cheerful content, from the mistress to the lowest servant. She who superintended this little Eden, was herself all that became a wife, a mother and a friend. Through her intercession the wretched old man was taken out of the street, cleaned, clothed, treated well, and put to such labor as fitted his years and animated him with the consciousness of being useful without pressing too heavily upon his age and infirmities. It happened, although he came without recommendation, without a friend, and under circumstances of absolute beggary, that he was of a warm and grateful disposition, and a character inflexibly honest and noble. We shall not soon forget his broad picturesque forehead ploughed deep with wrinkles, and thinly clothed with silver hairs,

which to the gentle heart of his mistress had pleaded powerfully, and continued to secure to him a kind of good natured reverence and forbearance, as grateful in her as welcome to him. Poor old John ! He had not a single friend in the wide world but those in that happy mansion ; and though it is a bitter thing at any age to feel one's self adrift and friendless on the cold bleak ocean of life, and especially so when time has taken the strength from our limbs, and the hope from our heart, and we have no other prospect but to go down to the grave neglected to the last, and unblessed with those friendly offices which soften the grim face of death himself, yet old John, we verily believe, was contented in his situation ; and never servant was more faithful and persevering in ministering to the wants of all. The children played around him, and pushed him about, as you have seen them presume upon the long established kindness of some ancient family mastiff, who takes all in perfect kindness, though the sight of a stranger would be followed by such a display of teeth, as would make a lion think twice before he concluded upon a conflict. The truth is, old John's mistress had won his heart. He did not only love, he revered her. Nothing made him so utterly happy, as an opportunity of doing her any service ; and if there were an er-

rand to be run—and the distance was far, and the night was stormy—so much the better. Old John would wrap his rough great-coat about him, and his good humored and fine looking face would glow with pleasure, as the gratitude of his honest soul shone through. Excellent old man! we wish there were more like thee, for the world's sake and for our own. Never gathered together a more delightful, a more delighted family circle, than drew around the fire-side of that well remembered mansion, when the wintry wind moaned by the well-barred shutters, and no member of it more cheerful than "old John." Indeed his peculiar character—his simplicity—and with all, the beauty of his appearance, made him a favorite. He never got a cross word or a sour look in those golden times.

"One night a large party was given in a distant part of the city, to which they were all invited. A slight cold had been prevalent in the family, and among its earliest victims was Mrs. L—— herself. The evening was tempestuous, and the exposure necessary in going and coming increased it to a degree almost alarming. A few days confined her to her bed. Physician after physician came, prescription after prescription, days, weeks, months, rolled gloomily away.—The gay voice of mirth was hushed to a whis-

per, and checked was the free and elastic step of youth and joy. Winter disappeared; Spring, beautiful Spring, with her leaves and buds came, and the glad earth breathed every where the spirit of happiness and beauty. Even Summer approached in its turn, with its magnificent mornings—its gorgeous sunsets—its long, still, holy nights—and yet there lay the lovely and gentle girl—for she was yet in the bloom of youth—pale and emaciated, with dark languid eyes, and long skeleton withered hands—panting patiently on her pillow. At length she died. We went there one morning; the maid, with eyes inflamed, admitted us, and in reply to our inquiries, only sobbed. The husband met us with a ghastly face, but perfectly calm and quiet, and taking our hand silently, but with a firm grasp, which betrayed a high degree of nervous excitement, led us into the darkened chamber. Yes! the tremendous crisis was passed. That radiant summer face was frozen at last to wintry desolation. Oh death! how awful, how mysterious thou art!

“Old John had been sent from the city several days before, on some business, and did not return till after the funeral obsequies were performed. Poor fellow, he did not even know of her death. We were the first to meet him on the threshold. He looked up fearfully in our

face, and asked, 'how is she to-day?' The bereaved husband happened to be passing at the moment through the hall. We pointed to his hat, from which hung the fatal emblem of death—a long black crepe. The truth burst upon him at once. He lifted his eyes to heaven a moment—the big tears gushed forth and dropped on the floor. He went away, and for some time we saw him no more. Just before the sickness of his lamented benefactress, she had set for her miniature to an artist of consummate skill. When 'old John' appeared again, knowing his affection for the original, the painter begged leave to show it to him. We were present when the old man was to be indulged with the sight, without being conscious of what he was going to see. The artist brought it before him suddenly, passed his hand over it slowly, and then presented it to him in full view: It is impossible to describe the poor fellow's surprise, delight, wonder, and grief. He clasped his hands together, and then dashed away the drops that sprang into his eyes and obstructed his view, and with such pathetic exclamations of love and anguish bursting from his lips, as at once proved him to be fully susceptible to the enchantment, and furnished a flattering evidence of the painter's skill."

This enchanting relation requires no com-

ment—it is one of those brilliant exhibitions of kindness, which stand upon the page of life like the evening star upon the deep blue of heaven, carrying conviction to the soul, that beneficence blesses the giver and receiver. But that fact may be piled upon fact, I hesitate not in adding the following noble instance of kindness. The author I know not.

" Pigalle, the celebrated artist, was a man of great humanity. Intending, on a particular occasion, to make a journey from Lyons to Paris, he laid by twelve louis d'ors to defray his expenses. But a little before the time proposed for his setting out, he observed a man walking with strong marks of deep-felt sorrow, in his countenance and deportment. Pigalle, impelled by the feelings of a benevolent heart, accosted him, and inquired, with much tenderness, whether it was in his power to afford him any relief. The stranger, impressed with the manner of this friendly address, did not hesitate to lay open his distressed situation.

" ' For want of ten louis d'ors,' said he, ' I must be dragged this evening to a dungeon; and be separated from a tender wife and a numerous family.' ' Do you want no more?' exclaimed the humane artist. ' Come along with me; I have twelve louis d'ors in my trunk; and they are all at your service.'

"The next day a friend of Pigalle's met him, and inquired whether it was true, that he had, as was publicly reported, very opportunely relieved a poor man and his family, from the greatest distress. 'Ah, my friend!' said Pigalle, 'what a delicious supper did I make last night upon bread and cheese, with a family whose tears of gratitude marked the goodness of their hearts; and who blessed me at every mouthful they eat!'"

An incident which occurred in the life of the celebrated Aaron Burr, affords an admirable illustration of the fact that kindness never forgets him who exercises it. I remember perfectly well of having frequently read the fact—but where, has faded from my memory. The substance of it is as follows:—When Burr was in the height of his prosperity, he, on one occasion, while travelling in Western New-York, saw in a tavern where he happened to stop, what appeared to be an excellent line-engraving. The landlord informed him that it was executed with a pen, by a stupid boy, who was his apprentice at blacksmithing, and whom he expected he could do nothing with. Burr, discovering the native talent of the boy, endeavored to obtain him—but his master, suspecting that he had some secret valuable power about him, refused to part with him. When Burr left, he whispered to the boy to come to New-York city, inquire for Aa-

ron Burr, and he would be taken care of. Soon after, when Burr had forgotten the circumstance the boy presented himself, and was assisted by his benefactor. He then went abroad, and became the celebrated Vanderlyn, who, in Paris, acquired honor and a good share of this world's goods. After Burr had fallen from his greatness and was expelled from the country, he was met in France in poverty, by Vanderlyn, who received him with deep gratitude, took him to his dwelling, and for a long time cherished and sustained him with the utmost attention and kindness. By his benevolence to that poor boy, Burr laid up a treasure, which, in after-days of want and sorrow, returned to him with great increase—the more prized from the fact, that it came unexpectedly in time of need, when almost every one had forsaken him. How vividly must Burr have appreciated the fact, that kindness abundantly rewards him who exercises it.

The following fact is extracted out of the New York Times and Star, of December, 1840; and refers to an individual who died on the third of that month.—“More than thirty years ago, Mr. Prime, then engaged in business at Boston, became embarrassed and failed. So well satisfied, however, was one of his creditors with his integrity and business talents, that he loaned him \$5000 with which to commence business in this

city. Mr. Prime's success in this city is familiar to all. In course of time, the creditor who had assisted him, became himself insolvent.—Mr. Prime immediately took his affairs in hand, rendered him pecuniary aid, and at his death, settled upon his widow an annuity of \$500."

These instances, which might be greatly multiplied, prove that, in every case, an ample reward is returned to him who yields the power of the Christian Law, "overcomes evil with good." If my readers are doubtful of this position, let them test the subject by a vigorous practice of noble kindness, and by excellent experience will they realize that "blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy." And, in order to give them the holiest example of kindness with which this earth has ever been blessed, as a guide to all benevolence, it appears to me perfectly proper to conclude this work with a simple exhibition of the *Character of Christ*.

CHAPTER XIII.

CHARACTER OF CHRIST.

"Who went about doing good."—PETER.

We are not now to dwell upon the character of a heathen hero, or to twine a garland for the brow of a conqueror whose victories swim in blood—we are not now to eulogize frail, erring man, or to sing the song of praise to one who has swept through the world like a fiery meteor, blighting the happiness of multitudes.

To us is given the pleasant and instructive duty of exhibiting the character of an individual, whose character has been viewed with deep devotion for eighteen centuries, and is now the light of example to multitudes in all quarters of the globe, from the pale Laplander in his snows to the sable African in his burning sun; from the humblest intellect to the mightiest philosopher; from the gates of Gibraltar to the feet of the everlasting mountains. To us is given the rejoicing theme of receiving that Saviour, whose voice constantly warns men of the inhospitable coasts of sin, whose truth breaks the chains of error from every mind, and whose hallowed

words are ministering angels in the house of death. To us is given the privilege of beholding the conduct of the Messiah of the prophets, the long promised Shiloh, the beloved Son of God, the Saviour of the World, over whose birth angels sang in tones of joy, and death fled in dismay at the prospect of his defeat.

Our minds could not entertain a more delightful subject, or one that kindles in the soul more of the living energies of virtue and the desire of growing in philanthropy. The Saviour's character, when held up with all its lovely qualities before the mind, awakes the dormant feelings, and leads the creature in prayer, to the spiritual cross of the Saviour, to beseech for wisdom in imitating the pure conduct and Godlike spirit of the Redeemer.

It is well to commune with the conduct of great and good men; to mingle our thoughts with the thoughts of the pious and religious; to trace their character and observe how they influence others;—it is well, because such communion with pure and noble conduct, as irresistibly wins the admiration of the soul, as the magnet attracts the needle. Who can reflect upon the unblanching fearlessness of the apostles in the presence of their bitter foes; upon their resolute perseverance when threatened with prisons and premature death; upon their

continued exertions in proclaiming a world's salvation, in spite of every obstacle; without becoming inspired by their ardor and enlivened with a virtuous enthusiasm to examine the system they proclaimed. Who can reflect upon the fervent and earnest benevolence of Howard and the Sisters of Charity; upon their active exertions in alleviating the distresses of men and women, without fear of pestilence and contagion and without expectation of reward, and not have a thrill of admiration pass through the mind, leaving a strong desire to follow in the paths of their benevolence. Who can reflect upon the stern integrity, unshaken virtue and fearless patriotism of Washington, as well as the indomitable exertions and granite firmness of the fathers of the revolution, without enrolling himself a friend to liberty, by consecrating all his powers upon the altars of knowledge and virtue. Dwelling upon the character of these individuals, opens the spring of our feelings, strengthens our better nature and gives a deeper tone of purity to our actions.

But the character of Christ possesses still more powerful influence, because it is more perfect than that of any person who has ever graced earthly life. Nothing can be more pure than the character of the Saviour. The records of time may be searched; the patriots, the phi-

losophers, the moralists of the world, may be consulted—all their fame, their benevolence, their intellect, their virtue, may be admired—and yet no person can equal the purity and holiness of the Saviour. The only individual who even shadows a likeness of his character, is an imaginary being described by Plato in the second book of his Commonwealth, when he represents a man giving to the world unquestioned proofs of his sincerity. He says, “let him be stripped of all things in this world except his righteousness: let him be poor and afflicted, and accounted a wicked and unjust man; let him be whipped and tormented, and crucified as a malefactor, and yet all this while retain his integrity.” Where can the original of this picture be found, save in the person of Him who suffered on the cross.

In the Saviour all the principles of heaven shone with the brilliancy of the sun and the richness of virtue. How adorable was the Redeemer! You may behold men and women famed for benevolence—you may behold men celebrated for patriotism and uncompromising integrity—you may behold men dignified with all that nobleness which makes human nature truly great—you may behold men whose pious exertions and ardent benevolence have transformed semi-savage and ignorant people into

enlightened and affectionate neighbors—you may behold men whose uniform kindness and sweetness of disposition have subdued the most bitter foes and obtained the protection of contending warriors—and all the principles which make these men truly great, all the virtues which adorn their lives, are united and sublimed in the person of the Lord our Righteousness.—There was in him such a mingling of humility and dignified feeling; such an association of gentleness, vigor, benevolence and forgiveness; such a blending of devotion, virtue, truth and love; combined with such power of thought, such beauty of doctrine, such admirable illustration in the most winning manner of communication; and sealed by such heroic devotion to the welfare of the world; that Rousseau, skeptic as he was, described the character of Christ in the most charming thoughts and the highest tones of admiration; while the coarse but powerful mind of Paine praised him as a virtuous and amiable reformer. Indeed, so comprehensive is the character of Christ, that if the whole number of the precepts of the Bible be gathered together, the conduct of the Saviour forms the noblest, because practical, commentary upon them all. If we bring to view all the instances of devotion for country, all the instances of the purest benevolence, all the instances of gener-

ous sacrifice, which the history of the world presents; the devotion, the benevolence and the sacrifice of Christ, are as much superior to them, as the sun is superior to the evening star. Of this fact we shall be touchingly convinced, by directing our thoughts to some of the traits of character which enoble to "Son of Man."

He was *ever obedient to, and mindful of his parents*—with him it was, "honor thy father and thy mother." In his youth he was subject to their commands and ready to heed their words. And when the chain of his life had run out and his days were numbered—when his labors had ceased—then his filial love was manifested in its purity. For in that season when his integrity was impeached; when the doom of a malefactor was upon him; when the agony of the nails was felt, then he provided for the future protection of his mother. Hence we read, "when Jesus therefore saw his mother, and that disciple standing by whom he loved, he saith unto his mother, 'woman, behold thy son!—then saith he to the disciple, 'behold thy mother!—and from that hour that disciple took her unto his own home.'"^{*} Could any fact be more touching, than that the Saviour, when he saw his mother, forgot his own terrible agonies, forgot the

* John xix: 26, 27.

horrors of his situation, forgot the jeers of his enemies, in his anxiety to provide a home for her before he died. Son; thou who hast neglected father and mother, and art bringing their grey hairs with sorrow to the grave, by intemperance, debauchery and profanity; who hast forgotten their wants and left them to suffer in their declining years;—Daughter; thou who yieldest no respect to thy parents and meetest them with harsh and unkind words;—repent; and as thou wishest the blessings of a peaceful conscience when thy parents sleep in the grave; come and kneel at the foot of the cross, and pray, “Saviour, fill me with thy filial love; and like thee, teach me ever to honor my father and my mother.”

The *integrity* of the Saviour was *unimpeachable*. No wrong motive, however glittering and fascinating, ever influenced him. When the crown of Israel sparkled over his head; when, by assuming the tokens with which the Jews expected their temporal Messiah to appear, he might have ruled in Palestine; when the Jews actually came to make him a king; he was not for a moment swayed from his duty;—he neither, like Napoleon, grasped the golden sceptre, nor with Alexander the Great, sat down and cried because there were no more worlds for him to conquer—but the crown was viewed

as bauble, the dominion was thrust aside, and animated by the holy duty of winning souls to truth and virtue, he enfolded himself with divine integrity, and said, "my kingdom is not of this world." And throughout the whole of the chequered scenes of his ministry, and in the midst of the most adverse circumstances, no act was marred with vice, nor was any practice identified with wrong. So pure was his life, so spotless his conduct, that when the Roman Centurion, himself a pagan and no believer in the Messiah, saw the Saviour on the day of his crucifixion and at the time of his death, in the greatness of his admiration he was compelled to exclaim, "truly this was the Son of God."

One of the most beautiful traits in the character of the Saviour, was his *compassion*, so intimately connected as it was with the most active benevolence. Distress found an answering voice in his heart—and wo enlisted all his feelings. How tender were his words to the sons and daughters of grief! How soothing the truths he held out to the sorrow-smitten! When he saw the obstinacy of the Jews, their heedlessness of the warnings that destruction was hovering over them, their determination to crucify the Son of God, and their bluidness in rushing into the very jaws of fate—when he remembered the doom of the city of Jerusalem, the

famine and thirst which its people must endure to the obliteration of all the affections of the heart—when he remembered the heaps of slain which must encumber her streets and fill the valley of the son of Hinnom—the Son of God *wept* over the vicious but ill-fated city, and would have turned away its ruin. And after he had left the judgment-hall of Pilate, and was bearing his cross to Calvary, and saw that a great company of many women followed him with lamentations, he remembered the dreadful fate of those women when Palestine should be desolated by the Roman deluge.—Hence he said to them, “Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me, but weep for yourselves and for your children.”*

Even his *miracles*, stupendous as they were, set forth his compassion and benevolence with a power which falls upon the souls like the dews of heaven, causing the better feelings of our natures to gush like the fresh and limped waters of the spring. So far as his mission was concerned, he might unquestionably have performed miracles by rending the mountains, by parting the waters of the lake, by tearing rocks from their foundations, and by making seed become stately trees in a few hours. But, no!—

* Luke xxiii: 28.

this course did not suit the Son of God—his miracles must not only establish his divine mission, but they must also beam with benevolence and shine with the love of heaven. When the groans of the fevered wretch fell upon his ear, he drove away the fire burning in the human frame. When he heard the voice of the blind man, crying, “Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy on me,” he opened his eyes to the countless beauties of nature. When he saw the victim of palsy, chained in physical decrepitude, he returned vigor to the nerves and power to the muscles. When he met the dumb and deaf, shut out from all the music of the human voice and the charms of harmony, he loosened the tongue and regulated the sense of hearing. When he beheld the weeping sister of Lazarus, and remembered that his friend was dead, the Son of God not only wept himself, but he delivered Lazarus from the power of death. And when he looked upon the melancholy train bearing the remains of the only son of the widow of Nain, he stopped the bier, and said, “daughter, weep not”—he then commanded the lungs of that dead son once more to exert themselves, the blood of health once more to course through his arteries and veins, waking up the dormant energies of life, and returned him to the arms of his mother, a living form..

In all these things, how the compassion and benevolence of the Saviour shone forth—a compassion and a benevolence whose influence will not cease to be felt, so long as one pulse shall beat or one heart shall thrill with sympathy. Different indeed were the actions of the Saviour from the actions of the conqueror, the debauchee and the tyrant. Blessings ever grew in his pathway, and the praise of the poor and afflicted ever formed a wreath of glory for his brows. Oh ye, who freeze up the best feelings of the soul while worshipping as an idol-god, the golden mammon of this world—oh ye, who have no ear for the cries of the widow and the orphan—oh ye, who drive the starving wretch from your gates, unpitied and unfed, though ye roll in luxuries; come to the Saviour; behold him wandering without a place whereon to lay his head; behold his divine compassion, even when laboring to secure your salvation; behold, repent, and let the light of your newly received benevolence, be so exhibited as to lessen misery and strengthen virtue.

Another trait in the character of the Saviour, is one, which if the world had heeded it, would have destroyed a vast amount of misery, which has poured its blight in devastation and ruin over the earth. When we look back into history and see how mind has been cramped and

fettered by force—how many sects, have at different periods, claimed exclusive power, and attempted to make other sects succumb to them by that power—how many millions of persons have been slaughtered for difference of opinion—and how affection has been destroyed, liberty of thought chained, and family happiness frozen, by persecution's iron hand—it makes the heart bleed, and causes man to veil himself in sorrow at the follies of a worm of the dust, who, himself the child of error, rises up to claim infallibility over his brethren. But *persecution* finds no countenance in the Saviour. He recognized the mind as the noblest work of God, exceedingly far more precious than all the forms of mere matter. His kingdom was in mind, and he threw not a fetter upon it nor did he cast an impediment in its onward path to truth in the untried regions of religion and science. He ever taught the Jews that it was their privilege as well as their duty, to judge for themselves what was right, and to search the Scriptures freely, as in them they thought they had eternal life. And when on a certain occasion, as he travelled towards Jerusalem, he sent forth his disciples to prepare a place of rest for the night, and a Samaritan village refused to receive them, and they asked him for fire from heaven to destroy that village, what

was his answer? Was it the answer of the fanatic and the enthusiast, who would sustain what they call the glory of God at the point of the bayonet and the mouth of the cannon? Far from it. "Ye know not of what manner of spirit ye are," was the rebuke of the heavenly teacher. And when Christ was betrayed by the words of a professed friend, and Peter drew a sword and cut off an ear of one of the servants, what said Christ? "Put up thy sword into the sheath; the cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?" The Son of God, the Lord our Righteousness, never gave one hair of strength to a persecuting spirit, or spake one word which can be tortured into countenance of reviling sectarianism. No! His aim ever was to take mind from the degradation of vice and error, and enrich it with the freedom of truth. And had the Christian world remembered but one precept of the humble Saviour, "whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them," how many prisons would have remained untenanted, how many racks would have remained unused, and how many stakes would have remained unlighted. No witches would have then been hung, or Baptists whipped, or Quakers killed by pilgrim fathers. Nor would sects be so estranged from each other, nor would the fear of fashion

and popularity prevent so many from avowing what they conceive to be truth—mind would every where be free, and righteousness observed.

Another noble trait in the character of the Saviour, is his spirit of *forgiveness*. In this respect he stands far exalted above all beings that have ever lived on the earth—for how almost universally has the spirit of revenge been practiced by the world, and how almost universally it is now practiced. How many many persons in ancient and modern times have and do advocate that it is contrary to honor and proper spirit to forgive an injury or affront. How infinitely superior are the spirit and conduct of Christ to the spirit and conduct of this world. He taught his disciples the divine precept, “love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them who despitefully use you and persecute you.” And how did he illustrate this precept? Did he pour blasting and mildew among his enemies? Did he call down the legions of angels which his Father could give him, and scatter death upon his opposers? Far, very far from it. Amid all the persecutions which were heaped upon him, all the contumely which he endured, the malice and revenge of his foes, yet never, in one instance, did he forget to for-

give or to meet evil with goodness. And in his last hours, when he had been condemned and nailed to the cross by the testimony of perjured wretches, though surrounded by his murderers, who mocked his agonies and jeered his pretension, then the dying sufferer added a most holy and divine comment to all his teachings, when for those very enemies he prayed, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." Can the records of history or the annals of the world present such another instance as this, of pure forgiveness? Have our dreams even, come up to the fact, of an individual dying in the midst of his foes, yet praying for their welfare? Ah, who can meditate upon this glorious feature in the Saviour's character and conduct, and refuse to forgive his brother, even until seventy times seven? Who, when the Saviour died for his forgiveness, can still cherish a revengeful spirit, and refuse to forgive his foe? Hard indeed must that heart be, which can resist a Saviour's love and still nurse unkind feelings.

But the grand seal of the Saviour's character, its express brightness and particular glory, is his love for the human family and his undying devotion for its interests, expressed too at the expense of his earthly happiness and life; and in a manner, which, if we were called upon to

fulfil it, would have frozen our blood to its deepest fountain, and made us flee with affright.—But our Saviour, though at the very beginning he was aware of all that awaited him, yet steadily persevered to the time of the end, until he had drained the cup of wo of its last bitter dreg. On all sides he met the sharpest opposition. His motives were impeached, his conduct misrepresented and his doctrine caricatured. The Pharisees on the one hand and the Sadducees on the other, were constantly seeking for opportunities to destroy him. He was possessed of no earthly home—though the birds of the air and the foxes of the desert had nests and holes, yet the Son of man had not where to lay his head. He was constantly and bitterly persecuted, until by the treachery of one of his own followers, he was betrayed. Before Pilate he stood; and there, rather than suffer Christ to go free as an innocent man, the Jews called for a leader of sedition and a murderer to be let loose, and condemned Jesus by perjury. Dreadful situation! His pure name attainted, met by a malefactor's doom, mocked by Roman soldiers, scourged as a criminal, he was led to Calvary, and there, between two thieves, he was nailed to the cross; and while forsaken by his followers and scoffed by his foes, he breathed out his spirit to God who gave it. Most cruel death!

Most painful sacrifice! Yet most sublime doom! Yet Christ met it; met it in its fulness and dread—and what for? Have angels sang it to you?—is it written on your hearts? He died to do battle with death, to plunge into the tomb, to rob him of his sting, to burst the cerements of the grave, to come forth the “first born from the dead,” to bring life and immortality to light, to establish those principles which will ultimately mould all souls into holiness and prepare them for the spiritual presence of God. In a word, he died for a lost and sinful world, that its people might live in truth and virtue. Ah, dear Saviour, how great were thy pains—how severe thy sufferings—yet how cheerfully endured for men! Oh, may thy love so subdue our passions and warm our feelings, that we may discover that the cross shows the perfection, the magnanimity, the grand finish of the character of the Saviour. Come to the foot of the cross, O fellow sinner, and tell me if any of thy imperfections are there! Tyrant!—is thy reflection there? Profaner!—is thy ingratitude there? Cold professor!—is thy lukewarmness there? Hypocrite!—is thy deceit there? Dishonest man!—is thy conduct there? Persecutor!—is thy hard heart there? Miser!—is thy want of benevolence there? Oh no! Love so pure,

so holy, was there, as to convince us that Jesus was indeed the Son of God.

Such was the Saviour!—and if the traits of his character are shadowed in the soul, they make the creature not only pre-eminently kind, but a MAN in all the noble thoughts which that word conveys.





